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RELAX IN
DAKS
THE FAMOUS COMFORT
IN ACTION TROUSERS
Whiteaways
HONGKONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF THE DAY

FRENCH DECISION

THE French Government has at last taken the necessary and far-reaching decision to protect the currency and restore the country's ability to buy all the vital imports to keep expanding industry going. The dynamic personality of the Finance Minister, M. Gaillard, who was well aware of the power he was able to wield told the Council of Ministers to accept his plan or else... Faced with a choice between austerity and inflation (and M. Gaillard's threat to resign) the Council chose the former.

REACTION

FRANCE has had to react against spiralling inflation in much the same manner as her Western allies by slashing the budget with defence spending taking the full brunt of the cut-backs. In France's case this amounts to nearly eighteen per cent. But the cuts will not affect the military effort in Algeria, although some 180,000 men will be released from the Army by Christmas.

However, adoption of the economy plan by the Council is only one aspect of the austerity policy.

A clear hint that sacrifices will also be asked of the ordinary citizen was contained in the official communiqué which said that the example set by the State must be followed by everyone in the country.

A BASIS

THE basis for extortion from the economic jungle has been well laid but there are many entwining monkey vines yet to be cut. Already the suppression of subsidies has led to higher prices of some essential commodities; taxation on semi-luxury goods has gone up, and the minimum wage, which sets the standard in many industries, has just been increased.

All these factors must soon produce claims for higher wages. To circumvent any huge demands the Government intends to consult the trade unions in what is liable to be the second round of the financial rehabilitation fight.

As the Government employees' union is an electoral stronghold demanding from eight to ten per cent increases it will have to be mollified. Failing moderation in the union's demands or some compromise the austerity plan is practically doomed and could even bring about the Government's fall in early autumn.

AIR ACTION AGAINST REBELS

Bombing Attacks Ordered By Commander

Bahrain, Aug. 9. **BRIGADIER J. Robertson, Commander of British Land Forces in Oman, has been authorised to take massive air action against rebel strongholds, authoritative sources said today in Bahrain.**

Robertson came to Bahrain today to confer with Air Vice-Marshal Skelton, Commander-in-Chief for the Persian Gulf area, on future air action in Oman, "since the exact spots of resistance have now been precisely located," an RAF spokesman said. Until now, the RAF has attacked the rebel forts with rockets but has been ordered to refrain from bombing them. An official British spokesman said here tonight that the culture of the opposition from the Imam of Oman's forces outside his headquarters at Nizwa had been "higher than expected."

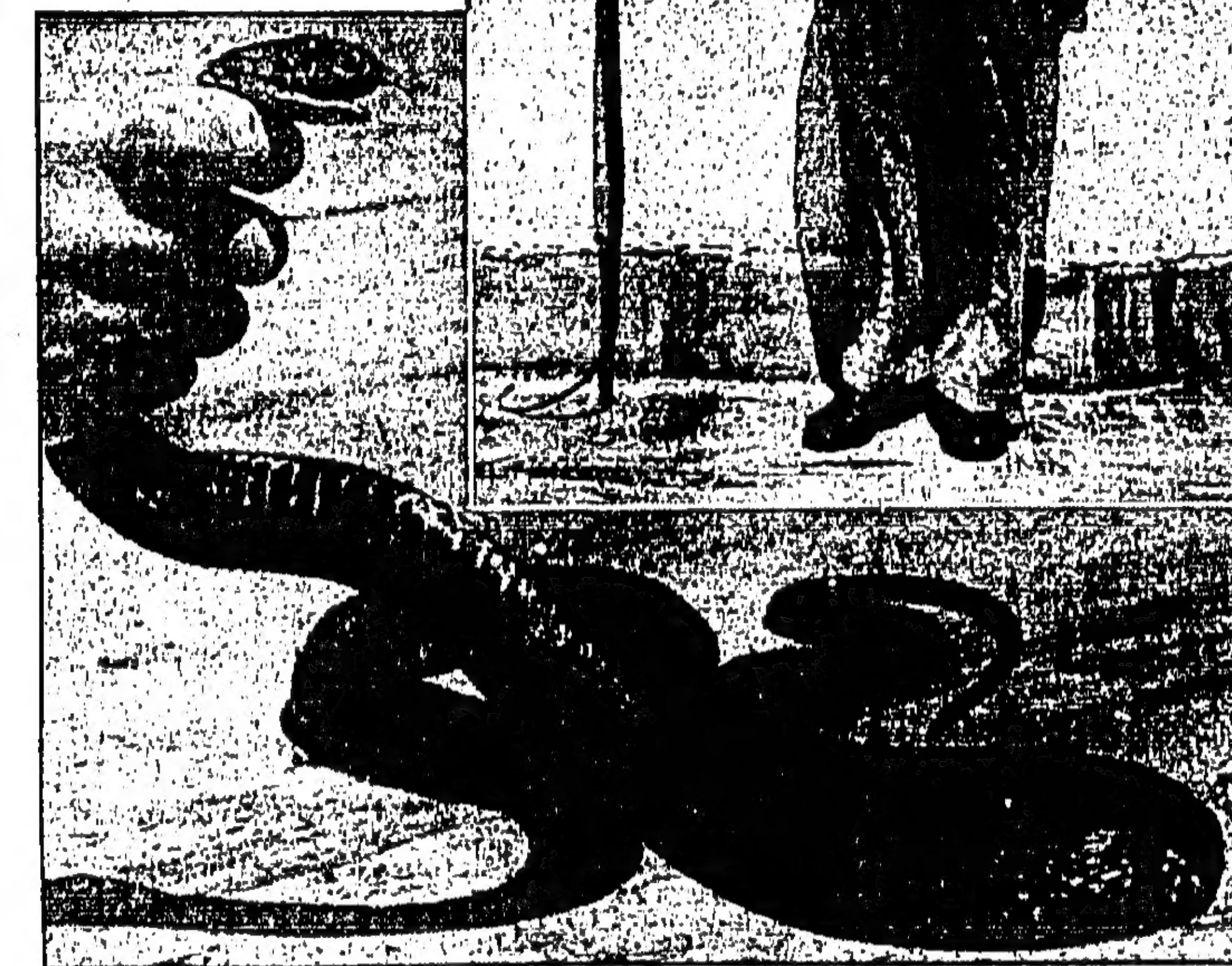
UNEXPECTED

The accuracy of their fire and the disposition of those forces had also been unexpected, he added.

The spokesman's statement was issued after a day of patrol activity by the Sultan of Muscat's forces 10 miles outside Nizwa.

He said the Imam's men command caves overlooking the main approaches and are also

firmly in command of Firg. —France-Press and China Mail Special.



Queen's Champion Accepts Duel With Umbrellas

Rome, Aug. 9. Renato Marmiroli, Italian Monarchist who yesterday challenged Lord Altrincham to a duel, declared tonight that he was prepared to fight with the weapon picked by the British peer — an umbrella — if Queen Elizabeth would lend him hers.

"I accept Lord Altrincham's unusual choice of a weapon on condition that I am accorded the honour of being allowed to fight with the personal umbrella of

Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth," the grey-haired ex-army officer said. Commandator Marmiroli added that he hoped shortly to found a European Monarchist movement, "which will be a direct answer to Lord Altrincham and which, if he survives our duel, he can also join."

Commandator Marmiroli, who said he expected to leave for England "very soon" to deliver his challenge to Lord Altrincham, asked to be allowed to appear on television in Britain "to defend Queen Elizabeth and the institution of monarchy which is not only English but European in that it is a defence of our best traditions and is against Communism." —Reuter.

CHINA COAST PIRACIES

A New China Mail Feature
On Monday, the China Mail brings you another new feature.

A series of articles on famous China coast pirates will be published twice weekly for the next few weeks. These will appear on Mondays and Thursdays exclusively in the China Mail.

The articles have been written by a team of three China Mail staff writers. Many of these pirates took place just outside Hongkong in pirate-infested Bias Bay.

The China Mail series, which has been compiled after detailed reference to newspaper files and authoritative accounts published in official and unofficial reports, deals not only with actual pirates but with the measures taken by the authorities to combat them.

Maps and illustrations are published with the articles. Don't miss this new China Mail feature.

Other new features now appearing in the mid-week China Mail include: *Teletext*, by John Laiff. The China Mail is the first English-language newspaper to run a regular TV critique. This appears once a fortnight on Mondays.

David Wong, Hongkong journalist now in London to write a novel with a Hongkong setting, writes regular features about Hongkong people in England. Regular features by China Mail staffers appear throughout the week. In addition there is a daily page for women, two sports pages, two features pages, a businessman's page and the latest local and overseas news.

YEMEN ADMITS RECEIVING SOVIET ARMS

By RALPH HARRIS

Washington, Aug. 9. The Red Sea kingdom of Yemen has officially informed the United States that it is receiving arms from the Soviet Union, authoritative sources said today.

Yemeni diplomatic representatives in Washington disclosed in consultations at the State Department recently that an agreement had been signed with the Soviet Union for several shipments of arms, including tanks and fighter aircraft.

The arms shipments were described by the Yemeni Charge D'Affaires in his State Department talks as "insurance" for defence against British military forces on the Yemen-Aden border, these sources added.

State Department officials said they had received no direct reports of the arms shipments from the United States Consul in Aden, who is also accredited as the diplomatic representative in Yemen.

Soviet Intervention

But the British Foreign Office announcement of the Soviet shipments and the statements of Yemeni officials in Washington are taken as proof of mounting Soviet intervention in the Middle East and are viewed with the "utmost concern."

Linked with Soviet arms aid to Egypt and Syria, the shipments to the Yemen were likely to create new tension in the Middle East, which the Soviet was trying to penetrate by virtually all means short of outright aggression, United States officials said.

Britain and the United States are now consulting on the arrival of the Soviet arms in the Yemen but no decisions about reaction by the West has been taken.

State Department officials said they were puzzled as to why aircraft were among the arms

sent to the Yemen by the Soviet Union.

They observed that as far as they knew the Yemen did not have a single pilot to fly them and there was no indication yet that Soviet instructors had arrived in the Yemen. —Reuter.

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They Won Prizes

First prize of \$150 in the China Mail Photographic Competition (news section) was won by Mr C. C. Lau, c/o Talco Dockyard for his picture entitled "Answer the Call."

The first prize—also \$150—in the Human or Animal Interest Section was won by Mr Kenneth W. Catton, Apartment 7, 2 Forfar Road, Kowloon, for his picture entitled "The Milky Way."

The second prize of \$100 in the Human or Animal Interest Section was awarded to Mr Ng Shiu Shing, 2 Shing Ping Street for his picture entitled "Who?"

A special consolation prize of \$50 has been awarded to Mr C. F. Rodrigues, 3 Observatory Court, second floor, Kowloon, whose entries—"Salvage of the Leftovers" and "Deep in Their Thoughts"—won the judges' highest commendation in both the news and human or animal interest sections.

CHEQUES SHORTLY

Cheques will be sent to the prizewinners shortly. The five judges from the staff of the South China Morning Post Ltd agreed that while there were many good and interesting subjects submitted for the Human or Animal Interest section, the standard in the news section was no high.

Typical of the comments was this one made by Mr J. R. Voigt:

"The best pictures were in the human interest section where the choice of subjects was in most cases very apt. Some of the themes were very clever while a few illustrated careful thought given to a subject. Others reflected the capturing at the right moment of feeling, unplanned scenes and atmosphere."

"The news pictures were not generally of a high standard. Those which made the grade were the ones which mirrored action—the essence of good news photography."

Now turn to pages 10 and 11 and see the winning entries.

Red Warships Active In Mediterranean

Lisbon, Aug. 9.

Soviet warships have lately been very active in the Mediterranean, Admiral Charles R. Brown, Commander of the American 6th Fleet, which is stationed in the Mediterranean, said in Lisbon today.

The Admiral, who was speaking at a press conference, arrived in Lisbon earlier today aboard the cruiser Salem for a four-day official visit.

He said the Soviet warships, including submarines of big and small tonnage, minesweepers, destroyers and cruisers, had entered the Mediterranean both through the Dardanelles and through the Straits of Gibraltar.

In reply to a question, he said that as far as he knew, the Soviets had no operational base in this sea. The destination of the Soviet warships had been Syrian and Egyptian ports, the Admiral said. There were no aircraft carriers among the Soviet vessels. —France-Press.

Rubber Sheet Saved Drover

Melbourne, Aug. 9. A thin sheet of rubber saved drover Leslie "Pluggin" McMahon from instant death near Bairnsdale today.

The rubber sheet beneath the saddle of his horse Betty insulated him from 68,000 volt of electricity.

Betty stepped on a fallen high tension wire across a road when Pluggin was droving cattle.

Betty and a dog stood on the wire at the same instant. They both dropped dead.

Pluggin was thrown to the road. He lay dazed until he was able to crawl away from the dead horse and run after the wandering cattle. —China Mail Special.

NAKED MAN HOLDS UP RAILWAY STATION

Vienna, Aug. 8.

A NAKED man, aged about 45, "held up" Vienna's Central Railway Station with a toy pistol today.

He waved the pistol in the air in the station entrance hall, shouting "never again a war."

The crowd watching his performance became so thick travellers had difficulty in

getting through to catch their trains.

Finally a medical squad seized the man, kicking and struggling, and drove him to a psychiatric clinic.

Footnote: Yesterday a naked woman paraded down Vienna's busiest shopping centre carrying a crucifix. —China Mail Special.

WINES
for the connoisseur...



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THE SUPPLIERS OF THE FAMOUS
"BRISTOL MILK", "BRISTOL CREAM"
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KING'S PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. || At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

TO-DAY

SHE TOOK HIM IN
AND GAVE HIM
HER LOVEHis love affairs
were fantastic...
he took what he
wanted from any
woman—
as long as she could
help him make a dollar!DEATH
OF A
SCOUNDRELGEORGE SANDERS - YVONNE DECARLO
ZSA ZSA GABOR - VICTOR JORY
NANCY GATES - COLEEN GRAY

Special Directed and Produced by CHARLES MARTIN

— EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW —
KING'S at 11.00 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
WALT DISNEY presents "TOM & JERRY"
TECHNICOLOR CINEMASCOPE
CARTOONS By M-G-M

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

KING'S

A Golden Opportunity for Chinese and Foreigners to
see an Indian Picture with Exciting, Sensational
Music mingled with Heart Pleasing Gevacolor Dances.

"NAGIN" (12 HIT SONGS)

Starring: Vyjayanthimala (famous Indian Movie
Dancer) - Pradeep Kumar - Jeeven -
Mubarak & others.

Music: Hemant Kumar (Award Winner).

Bookings open. Please purchase your tickets now
to avoid disappointment.

HOOVER LIBERTY

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TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
and 9.30 P.M.Dangerous Curves!
Riotous Fun!
in a mad,
merry chase onTHE
HAPPY
ROADFrom MGM starring
GENE KELLY

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

STAR THEATRE METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

BUD ABBOTT and LOU COSTELLO

STAR: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of
"DANCE WITH ME, HENRY!" At 12.30 p.m.TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMMEMETROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. John WAYNE in "SEARCHERS"
In Warner Color
At Reduced Prices

FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

Death Of A Scoundrel:

Into the carefully planned
life of confidence trickster,
George Sanders, comes a
girl who knows all his tricks
and is impervious to his
every charm.Glamorous Yvonne de Carlo,
answering to the rather un-
dramatic name of "Kelly" has good
reason to beware of Mr Sand-
ers, but feeling that she owes
her a lot she penetrates his
cushioned office with the sure
knowledge that "Mr Sabourin
will see ME".The rest of the picture is
taken up with the many ways
in which the very unattrac-
tive Mr Sanders has won his
way into the hearts and
pockets of a number of gullible
women. Zsa Zsa Gabor is one
(although to read the publi-
cist magazine the real-life
boot was on the other foot),
and Nancy Gates and Coleen
Gray also contribute to the
style in which he feels com-
fortable to live.His death is a welcome relief
to all those who feel that the
Sanders charm is keeping pace
with his receding hairline.

Real Happy

The Happy Road:
The emphasis is on the
adjective in this picture,
for although Barbara Laage
as the divorcee mother of a
little French girl and Gene
Kelly as the busy business-
man father of a small
American French boy are
frantically engaged in
searching for their runaway
children throughout the
film, there's plenty of room
left for laughs.The two children are in-
separable at school but decide
to run away to their respective
parents who they understand to
be somewhere in Paris. There's
a very refreshing and uncom-
plaining friendship between
these two youngsters — the
boy protective but not aggres-
sively so, and the girl self-
possessed but sweet in the
astounding way of Continental
children.They each bring something to
the partnership. Her knowledge
of French helps them through
many improbable but laughable
situations and his American in-
ventiveness provides the impetus
to carry them on towards their
goal.

Bewildered

Particularly funny was the
scene in which they hitch a ride
in a news commentator's car by
pretending to be the children of
a cyclist competing in a
marathon cycling race. Waving
to their bewildered "Papa" from
the comfort of the cruising car,
encouraging him to his utter
bewilderment, and hugely
enjoying themselves they gave
a perfect example of the facility
of children to give themselves
up to the happiness of the
moment to the complete
elimination of anything more
pressing.The adults in "The Happy
Road" were less convincing and
Gene Kelly, usually so sure of
himself in any part, seemed to
be wondering what he was
doing in a story of this sort.
There was too much emphasis
placed on the popular miscon-
ception that all Americans in
Paris think all Frenchmen are
France effects and unbusiness-
like and too little reason for the
completely incompatible tem-
peraments of the man and
woman to fuse into love.Barbara Laage better than
Kelly as the chic French girl
trying to do the best for her
little daughter by sending her
to an expensive school her own
parents could never afford for
her. She is without the tricks
and mannerisms of most per-
fessional pretty girls and
manages to suggest a life that
hasn't been all roses without
losing her femininity.One or two little touches that
were quite amusing would have
been doubly so if they had been
handled more dexterously.

Objectionable

I am thinking particularly of
the incident on the gendarme's
motor-cycle. Miss Laage in a
beautifully cut silk suit with a
skirt that looked as though it
could barely let its wearer sit on
the edge of a fashion show
chair, let alone astride a motor-
cycle is forced to ride pillion
with Gene Kelly behind the
Laage knees. However, by an over-
long camera shot of the little
piece of "business" too much
stress being laid on it, a clever
touch turned into something
almost objectionable.This is a black and white pic-
ture obviously made on a small
budget, the story doesn't hang
together any too well and quite
often credibility is sacrificed for
an easy laugh, yet it's a warm,
pleasant film that leaves you with
a feeling of goodwill towards
children, lovers and even police-
men.

Slapstick

Dance With Me Henry:
On the heels of the an-
nouncement of the death of
the funny man half of the
Laurel and Hardy team —
fat man Oliver Hardy —
up comes a comedy by a
team of almost the same
vintage — Abbott and Cos-
tello.Although the latter may be of
a slightly later date than the
Laurel and Hardy partnership,
the humour is very much the
same, with the sledge taking
the falls, the banana skin slips,
the bumps, bruises and all the
many misfortunes besetting the
life of a comic.
To be perfectly honest, neither
pair have thrown me into the
ecchoed all round me in theWhen Visiting Hong Kong
Make Sure You Visit

Cyril W. HENNING

— English Tailor —

305, GREAT CHINA HOUSE
8 QUEEN'S ROAD, C. Tel. 22817An English Cutter late from
"Gieves Ltd." Bond St., London.cinema so it's not surprising
that Abbott and Costello's
latest effort should have failed
in like manner. It's a good thing
that everyone's sense of humour
does not lie in the same direction
however.The Chinese section of the
audience seemed to be particu-
larly amused by the antics of
the cherubic Costello, and when
I glanced round there seemed
to be indulgent grins on the
faces of many of the rest of the
audience — so — if you like
slapstick, take "Dance With Me
Henry". If you don't, take the
children, they'll love it.

Suggestive

"Island In The Sun":
I can't agree with "Time"
magazine's film critic in his
view that this picture is
"the sexiest West Indian
travelogue ever made".The idea for the plot grew up
in Alec Waugh's imaginative
and tortuous mind and from it
emerged a best seller. I haven't
read the original story but as
basically any book reaches the
highest-selling bracket without
a good deal of sin and seduction
I'm prepared to believe that
it must have come fairly near to
"Time's" description.Don't expect much of this
sort of thing in the film how-
ever. Screen love scenes can be
every bit as lurid without a
single clinch as those in which
it's difficult to see for most of
the time whose limbs belong to
who, but the absence of

New Films

At
A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER AND LIBERTY:

"The Happy Road": Two
runaway children unite
their parents. Gene
Kelly, Barbara Laage

KING'S and PRINCESS:

"Death of a Scoundrel":
The man is the bird of
prey, the woman are the
willing victims. George
Sanders, Yvonne de
Carlo, Zsa Zsa Gabor.

METROPOLE and STAR:

"Dance With Me Henry":
Abbott and Costello

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:

"Stampeded": A
western. Alan Ladd,
Virginia Mayo, Neville
Brand.

ROXY and BROADWAY:

"Island In The Sun":
True love and the other
thing under the hot
Caribbean sunshine. Jean
Fontaine, Harry Bel-
afonte, Dorothy Dand-
ridge, Jean Collins,
Michael Rennie, James
Mason.

COMING

HOOVER AND LIBERTY:

"It's Great To Be Young":
Comedy. John Mills and
Cecil Parker.

KING'S and PRINCESS:

"The Lonely Man": A
western. Jack Palance,
Anthony Perkins, Neville
Brand.

METROPOLE and STAR:

"The Brass Legend": A
western. Hugh O'Brien,
Queen's and ALHAMBRA:"Fire Down Below": Rita Hayworth is
all at sea between the
time as played by Robert
Mitelman, her own dis-
illusion and the naivete
of Jack Lemmon.

ROXY and BROADWAY:

"An Affair To Remember":
Romance plus mis-
understanding is sup-
posed to equal sudden
maturity. Cary Grant,
Deborah Kerr.embraces in "Island In The
Sun" are about as suggestive of
passion as tea on the terrace.
The characters are paired off
into a husband and wife part-
nership in which James Mason
as the indecisive son of a pro-
sperous planter harbours dark
suspicions of his innocent wife,
played with complete lack of
emotion by Patricia Owens.
Michael Rennie is the object of
his jealousy, for which he pays
the penalty fairly early in the
film.

The Inference

Dusky Dorothy Dandridge is
pursued with a gentlemanly
decorum by the Governor's aide-
de-camp, a part that John
Justin manages to carry off
without getting a hair out of
place and although, by walking
straight into Miss Dandridge's
house where she is stretched out
on a daybed reading his latest
manuscript, the inference is
obvious, again, it's like tea on
a hotel terrace.A little less public is the man
hunting, bored beauty's chase
after the coloured labour leader,
but as Harry Belafonte makes
it constantly clear to Jean Fon-
taine that his mind is on his
ambition and Harry Belafonte
to the exclusion of everything
else, it's difficult to imagine
much in the way of off-screen
clutches in this one-sided affair.Joan Collins and Stephen
Boyd come closer to demon-
strating that "the mating season is
always in full swing on the
throbbing Caribbean island of
Santa Marta" (I quote "Time"
again) but even when she an-
nounces to her mother that she
has decided to go to Canada
to deal with the problem of
motherhood (she won't marry
Boyd because she imagines her-
self to be partly coloured) she
makes it sound more like a
necessary but boring visit to the
dentist.

Unrewarding

In a rather unrewarding role
as the father of James Mason
and Joan Collins' Basil Sydney
comes off better than the rest
of the cast. Unimaginative,
direct, accustomed to rule his
family and his workers with a
benevolent disregard for any
foolish deviation from the ac-
cepted Colonial way of life, he
is like a bewildered bull when
events depart from their normal
pattern.Poor Diana Wynyard seemed
completely out of place among
the other players. Her theatri-
cal reactions might have carried
more conviction had they not
been so alien to the relaxed
technique of people more used
to the screen than the stage. The
melodramatic way in which she
revealed her gully secret to her
daughter would have been more
at home in a period piece in-
stead of in an attempted expose
of the problems confronting a
community, in which a com-
promise must be found between
the desire for self-government
by the local population and the
administration of benefits by the
educated executives.The De Luxe colour I found
hard on the eyes, but I have no
doubt that the lush presenta-
tion, impressive cast and sug-
gestive exploitation will pack
the Roxy and Broadway for a
satisfactory run from the box
office point of view.

Pint-Sized

Stampeded:
This picture has the
alternative title of "The Big
Land" but as both give the
required impression it is of
no material difference what
it's called.The story is of a cattleman,
misunderstood by his friends,
loved by a girl—Virginia Mayo
—befriended by his buddy—
Edmond O'Brien—and in the
final reel loved by everyone.
Ladies and gentlemen... I give
you... pint-sized Alan Ladd!

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

★ GRAND OPENING TO-DAY ★

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.ROARING OUT OF THE MISSOURI-
KANSAS BORDERLAND!The story of
Chad Morgan—who
gave the big land
the biggest showdown
it had ever seen!ALAN LADD
VIRGINIA MAYO
EDMOND O'BRIENin
STAMPEDED

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

Please note change of times:
ROXY: At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.
BROADWAY: At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

More daring than the screen has ever dared before!



DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S

'ISLAND
IN THE
SUN'JAMES MASON - JEAN FONTAINE - DOROTHY DANDRIDGE - JOAN COLLINS - MICHAEL RENNIE
and a young HARRY BELAFONTE
COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS
DARRYL F. ZANUCK - ALFRED HAYES5 SHOWS TO-MORROW, EXTRA PERFORMANCE OF
'ISLAND IN THE SUN'

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m. Walt Disney's Feature-length
Technicolor Cartoon "PINOCCHIO" — At Reduced Prices

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THEY CLASHED
IN A HEAD-ON
CONFLICT!!!Three
Violent
PeopleCHARLTON HESTON - ANNE
BAXTER
GILBERT ROSS
ROLAND TRON

TO-MORROW SPECIAL AT 12.30 P.M.

CAPITOL RITZ

"THE OUTLAW WOMAN" in Color

ANTHONY STEEL "CHECKPOINT"

EMPIRE THEATRE

LAST 3 DAYS

DAILY AT 7.00 P.M. & 9.30 P.M.

COLOSSAL STAGE SPECTACLE

CALYPSO! MAMBO! JAZZ

HARRY ODELL PROUDLY PRESENTS

Katharine
DUNHAM
DIRECT FROM BROADWAY!HER DANCERS
SINGERS
MUSICIANS

ON STAGE

SHOWING AT THEATRE, 11.30 P.M.

IN BROADWAY, 11.30 P.M.

CHINA SERVICE FOR DINNER

AMERICAN RESTAURANT, 11.30 P.M.

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

AIR CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

An exciting & interesting film.

Taken from actual scenes.



Showing Show To-morrow 12.30

"Back Around The Clock"

TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

ANSWER TO LUNG CANCER—SELF-LIGHTING CIGARETTES?

Milan. The modern smoker has no time to strike a match and light his cigarette. He can now strike his cigarette—and avoid a possible cause of lung cancer.

Francesco de Capitani d'hoè, a 48-year-old Milanese industrialist and nobleman, said here his self-lighting cigarettes might be the answer to the warning of American scientist Dr Joseph L. DeCoursey, of Cincinnati, that a burning match, or fuel-burning lighter might cause lung cancer.

The cigarettes are already on sale on the luxury liners between Europe and America, in Portugal, Algeria and New Zealand.

De Capitani, now heading a powerful alliance of European cigarette-makers, successfully de-

'Decas' May Make Lighters Obsolete

signed a self-lighting cigarette by applying a narrow strip of paper to one of the inner ends of the cigarette. The strip consists of a specially treated ring of paper protruding through a small opening in the cigarette paper. Only a small, dark-red semi-circle can be seen on one of the outer ends of the cigarette, but it is enough to strike it against a special paper glued to the cigarette package—and evenly light the cigarette.

Self-lighting cigarette devices had been tried by many inventors, but their results apparently failed because self-ignition was harmful to smokers or threatened to set fire to their

pockets, de Capitani said.

"I am in possession of official certificates issued by the most important chemical laboratories in the United States, Switzerland and Italy to certify that my self-lighting cigarettes are absolutely harmless," he said.

"We spent several years testing my invention until we were 100 per cent sure that smokers would suffer no harm, even if some absent-minded person lighted the wrong end of his cigarette with a match or lighter. In this case, he would not taste any chemical product and would not suffer any harm."

"If a smoker lights my

cigarette with a match, instead of striking it, it will light and smoke normally. Our self-lighting system, which is completely tasteless and does not affect the flavour of the cigarettes, can be safely applied to every cigarette-making machine at a cost of less than 30 per cent the price of the machine."

The American scientist, DeCoursey, said that no one had succeeded in isolating a cancer-causing substance from tobacco, but burning matches and fuel-powered lighters were "carcinogen factories in miniature."

A "carcinogen" is any substance which can cause cancer.

Dr DeCoursey had one very solid fact upon which to build his theory. The fact that there are carcinogens in "tarry soot and oil fumes."

"Smoke from a burning match results from incomplete combustion and consists of tarry soot and fumes partially burned, partially cracked paraffin molecules, resin, wood, plus particles and gaseous products of sulphur and phosphorus," the scientist said. "Smoke from the flame of a fuel-burning cigarette lighter consists of tarry soot and fumes from partially-burned, partially cracked molecules of the petrol-derived fluid."

De Capitani pointed out that the spongy paper he uses for the self-ignition does not produce any molecules, particles or fumes which could be detrimental to the smoker's health. For all practical purposes his cigarettes, called "D. ca", can be lit everywhere, no matter how strong the wind.

"Laboratory tests have shown that even a 100-mph wind cannot extinguish our self-lighting system. Observers say fuel-powered lighters might become obsolete as self-lighting cigarettes become common throughout the world. Ashtrays in every home and dashboards in every car will be equipped with special strips of paper against which smokers could strike their self-lighting cigarettes, they predicted.—United Press.

Splash—And The Head's In



Dr Hutton takes the water... 'They knew how far they could go.'

FIRST TO USE HIS SCHOOL POOL

London. SIX schoolboys who "ducked" their headmaster in the school swimming-pool faced him at morning assembly last week—unafraid. "There is no question of punishment," said the headmaster.

"I was the sacrificial victim for the occasion, and I thoroughly enjoyed it."

The occasion was the opening of the week-end of the £10,000 swimming pool built, with 18 months' amateur labour, by parents and staff of Hatfield School, Hertfordshire.

The head, Dr Kenneth Hutton, had just finished his speech when six senior boys rushed from behind, grabbed him by feet and hands, and buried him—fully clothed—into the pool.

"Quite a surprise," said the chief guest Brigadier Sir Edward Beddington, chairman of Hertfordshire County Council.

AN INKLING

He said: "Let's just say they were a bunch of boys who knew just how far they could go. It definitely wasn't arranged."

"While we were building this pool it was said that a project of such size demanded a sacrificial victim to mark its completion."

"I thought the idea had been forgotten, but at the same time I was mentally prepared—I had an inkling that I might finish up in the pool."

"I assure myself that if I had said 'Don't do it,' they would have faded away. But I didn't mind."

Sixth Formers Creep Into Trouble

Hampton. ELEVEN sixth formers crept into school bent on an end-of-term rag. Then the police pounced.

Five of the boys were caught and carried off to the police station at Hampton, Middlesex. They were let out of custody—thanks to Mr George Whitfield, headmaster of Hampton Grammar School. Police called him from his bed at 2 a.m.

CARPETED BY HEAD But the boys didn't get away with it. They were carpeted by the head in his study and one was told he would not be given a school testimonial unless he changed his attitude.

Mr Whitfield explained: "He made light of the whole affair. The boys could have been charged with breaking or entering. The alternative was to treat the whole thing as a rag. Police said it was up to me—I decided in the boys' favour."

When questioned about the party group named the "Marjorie" there were a number of Japanese musicians "to furnish the music for this festive affair."

Marjorie, an Army librarian, is leaving for home after a three-year stay in the Far East. When questioned about the party all she could say was "Good! It was great!"—United Press.

Comic Postcards Naughty—Or Just A Little Spicy?

Maidstone. WHAT makes a comic postcard naughty?

Mr Justice Stable wanted to know—and sat chuckling while defending counsel, Mr Peter Rawlinson, discussed the place of the seaside postcard in society.

It represented the broad English humour, enjoyed by millions, he told the jury at Kent Assizes, Maidstone.

"In after-dinner speeches all of us expect and enjoy a certain element of spicy stories," he said. "All of us—men and women—enjoy the risqué joke about sex."

These postcards were part of the tradition of after-dinner speeches, wedding receptions, and the music-halls. "They stand for what has been called the worm's eye view of life."

Just Meaty "Are they not peculiarly and historically English? How many sins can really be laid at the feet of the fat women portrayed?"

Mr Rawlinson was defending the publisher of 33 comic cards seized in Folkestone.

The prosecution alleged that they were obscene. But Mr Rawlinson claimed: "They are meaty and broad, but not vicious."

The 12 men on the jury were told by the judge: "Sex has attracted the attention of men and women ever since men and women have existed."

The Snigger "But what you have to consider is whether what Mr Rawlinson has described as robust fun provides a safety valve; that it is better to indulge in a very broad joke than a half-hearted, rather dirty, little snigger."

The jury examined the cards for an hour, then decided that nine were obscene.

Herbert Reid, 44-year-old company director and secretary, and C. Richter (Publishers), Ltd., of Lymington Road, Kilburn, were each fined £18.

STREETCAR NAMED MARJORIE

Tokyo. A PERT Pennsylvania girl was honoured here to be a very unusual "Sayonara" or goodbye party.

Miss Marjorie Flood was given a party to end all parties according to law.

A group totalling 35 or 40 of her friends chartered a metropolitan streetcar for 2,000 yen (about US\$7.30) and rode around Tokyo for an hour and a half drinking sake.

MUSICIANS On this "Streetcar named Marjorie" there were a number of Japanese musicians "to furnish the music for this festive affair."

Marjorie, an Army librarian, is leaving for home after a three-year stay in the Far East. When questioned about the party all she could say was "Good! It was great!"—United Press.

Message Received!

St Petersburg, Fla. Mrs Gladys Stewart Wahn, a cosmetic saleswoman, didn't exactly call an arresting officer a stinker but he got her message anyhow.

Patrolman Richard Kimble told the court that when he stopped Mrs Wahn for speeding she said "I wouldn't call you a stinker, but..." and then handed him a bottle of her sweet-smelling wares.—United Press.

REAL FAST

Toledo. Ernest Haller's trigger finger proved faster than his draw.

Haller said he was practising his draw in a field with a 22-calibre single-action frontier gun when he pulled the trigger before getting the gun out of his holster. He suffered a leg wound.—United Press.

CORSETS ('Too many in the Underground') ANGER WOMEN'S CLUBS

London. LONDON'S Underground stations have too many advertisements showing women's foundation garments.

The complaint was made by Mrs Audrey Taylor, organising secretary of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. The "extraordinary number" of these advertisements far outweighed anything else, "it makes one wonder whether women wear anything else," said Mrs Taylor.

CALL A HALT "They are badly drawn, repulsive, and some are suggestive and downright obscene, which makes it not surprising that they get defaced."

Something should be done to call a halt to these advertisements. The Business and Professional Women's Clubs were doing all they could.

Mrs Taylor was speaking at Banbury, Oxfordshire.

...still talking of women's clothes

CARNIVAL GIRL ABDICATES

London. SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Molly Morris has refused to be crowned carnival queen at Weston Coyney, Stoke-on-Trent, because she objects to the state of the dress which was bought for the ceremony.

The organising committee has decided that she has "abdicated" and the retiring queen, Miss Coral Birch, is to be queen for a second year.

Mr Harry Tremble, the carnival secretary, said that the committee agreed that the dress—original cost £13—was bought as a joke for £3 to keep costs down.

THE NIGHT 'P AND O' WENT TO WAR OVER CHESS

London. THE last game of chess between Mr P. and Mr O. will go down as one of the strangest in the history of the game.

Both players went to hospital and they ended up in court. Alexander Piotrowski pleaded not guilty at North London Court to harassing Kazimierz Olski, who contacted a summons for assaulting Piotrowski. Both are Poles and in court they were referred to as P and O. They live in a house in Downs Road, Clapton, and one warm day last month they settled down to chess on the lawn.

KICKED ME O said that during the third game he moved his queen. In his next move he took P's queen.

Mr Frank Milton, the magistrate, commented: "That to some extent is a breach of etiquette, at least on the Continent. If the queen is threatened you say 'guard'."

O explained that he did not warn his opponent because he thought they would "exchange queens." Then, he said, P jumped up, kicked him and hit him with a child's pushchair.

P said O picked up the chess board and threw it in his face. He threw it back. Then O jumped at him and hit him.

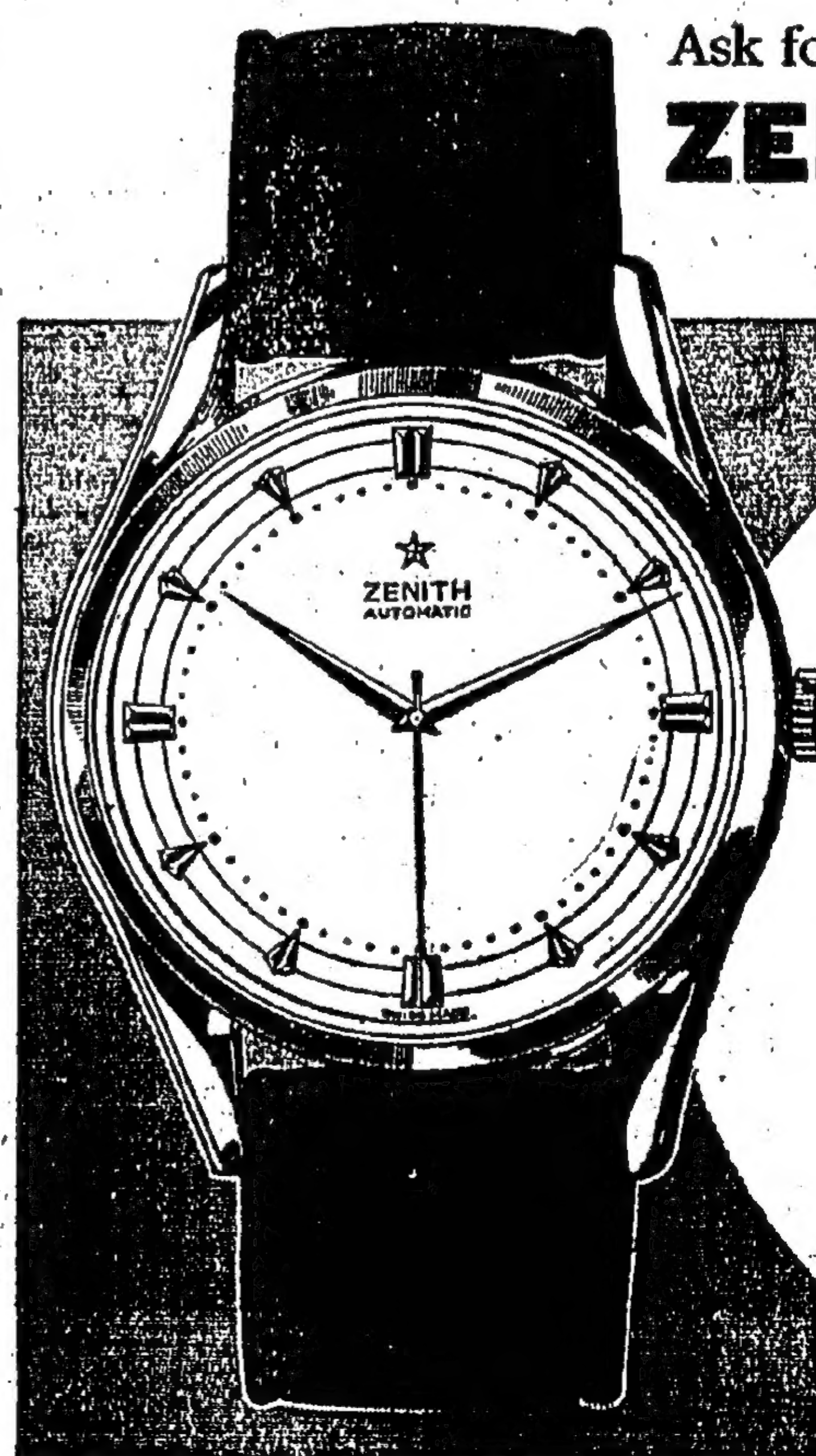
A doctor said that O, who is 49, had bruises, scratches, and a fractured rib and P, who is 32, complained of pains in the abdomen.

DISMISSED Mr Milton dismissed both charges and he told P and O: "As far as I know this is the first time in the 2,000 years that chess has been played it has resulted in both participants having to go to hospital. One hopes it will be 2,000 years before similar circumstances arise."

Back home, Mr P said, "Mr O and myself are not speaking." Mr O was out. His wife said: "My husband goes out to play with friends."

She added with a knowing smile: "He is a better player than Mr P."

If you appreciate precision as well as quality



Ask for the new ZENITH AUTOMATIC

— You could not make a better choice

685 First Prizes

...for precision, won at the official contests organized by the famous Swiss observatory of Neuchâtel, prove the undeniable leadership of ZENITH in the production of finest quality timepieces.

When your own Zenith automatic gleams on your wrist, you will be the proud owner of an absolutely up-to-date watch—the pride of a factory that is famed for its outstanding successes. Those around you will know that you have chosen the very best of Swiss watches.



(LE LOCLE, SWITZERLAND)

Sole Agents: HERALD INTERNATIONAL LTD. 801 WING ON LIFE BLDG

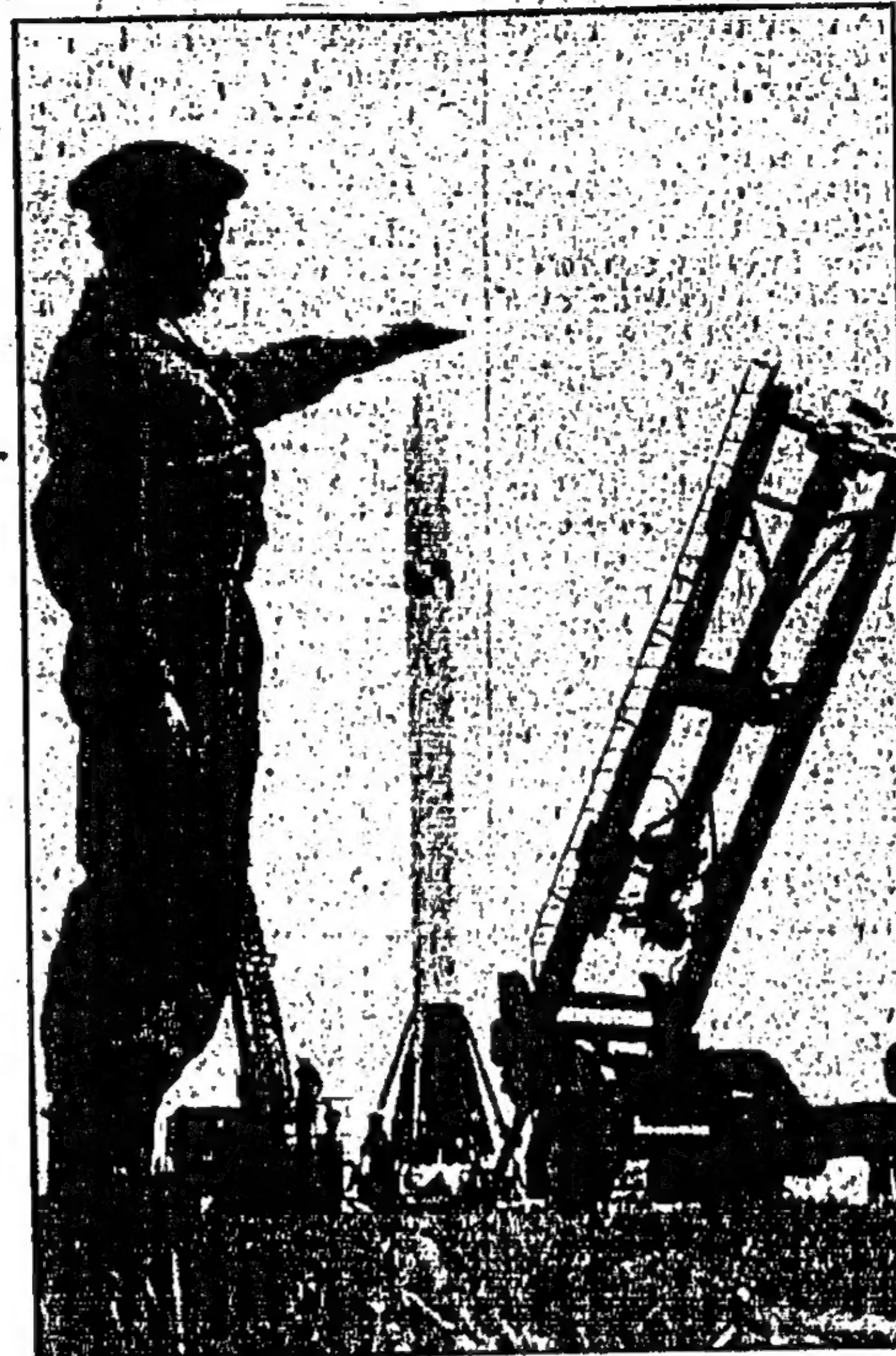
ZENITH WATCHES ARE OBTAINABLE AT THE FOLLOWING APPOINTED SUB-AGENTS:

ARTLAND WATCH CO.	26, DES VOSGES ROAD C.
BUDSON WATCH CO.	104, QUEEN'S ROAD C.
LAM YUEN PONG WATCH CO.	178, DES VOSGES RD. C.
ROUX DOR WATCH CO.	88, QUEEN'S ROAD C.
SHUI NYA WATCH CO.	77, QUEEN'S ROAD C.
YAI SHING WATCH CO.	104, DES VOSGES ROAD C.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



LEFT: US contingent, 1,500 Explorer Scouts, arrives in England in a motor vessel chartered for their trip to join in the \$500,000 World Jamboree at Sutton Coldfield where scouts of 80 countries celebrate Scouting's 50th anniversary, and the 100th anniversary of their founder Lord Baden-Powell. Express



Young British cadet thinks rockets too big... shows how high they ought to be in his opinion... and the Army photographer does his best to oblige. It was when the Combined Cadet Force visited Larkhill Artillery School. Army News



Mamouths of the ground and air join in a battle demonstration at Long Valley, Aldershot, for Sandhurst cadets. Army News



During the three-day Royal visit to the Channel Islands Queen Elizabeth accompanied by Prince Philip are seen talking to ex-servicemen at Guernsey. Express

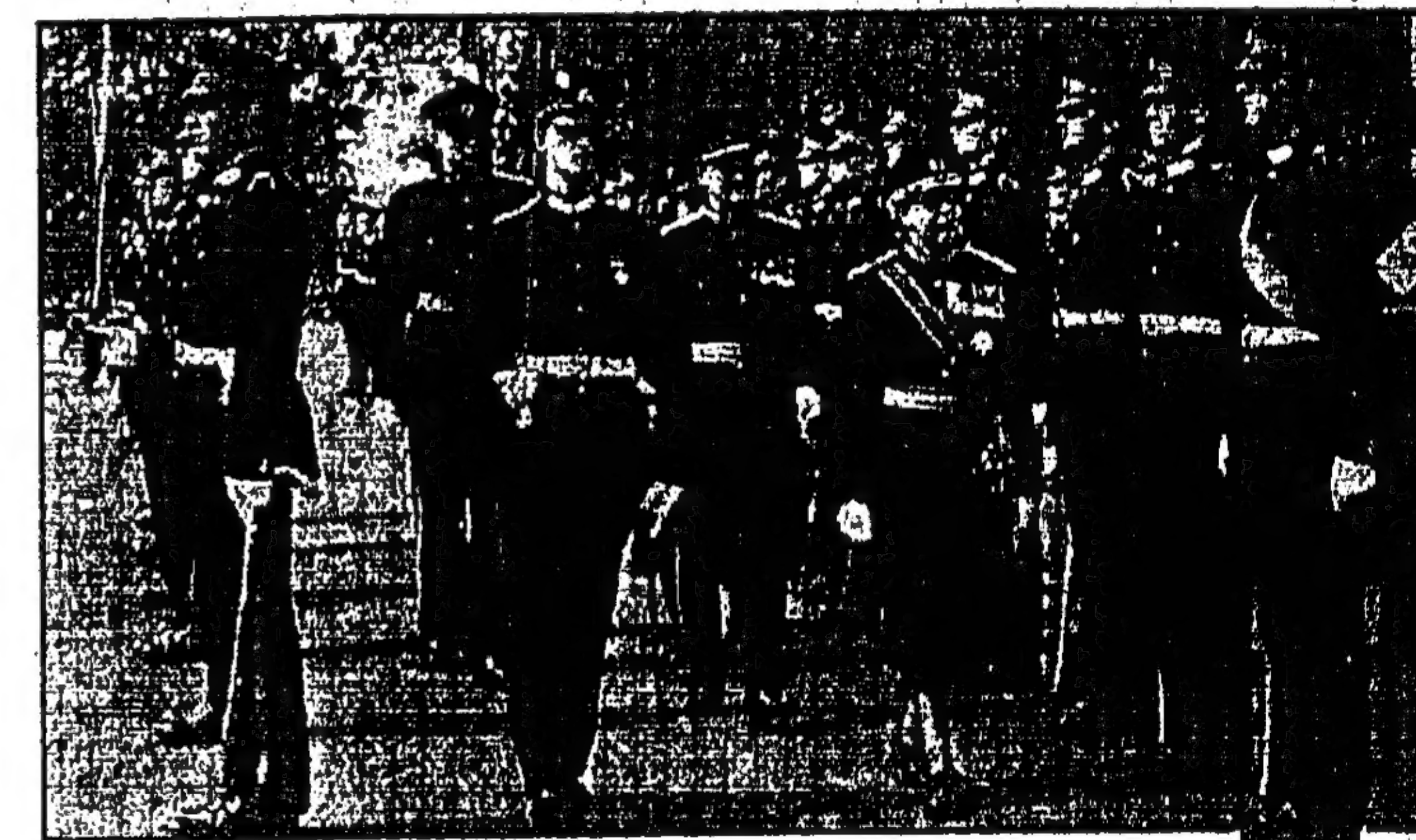


Even the crabs and lobsters in the nets were held up to wave their claws as the Royal car drives by in Guernsey during the three-day Royal visit to the Channel Islands. But how much of this kind of thing can the royal purse afford? (See page 5).

LEFT: John Foster Dulles and Selwyn Lloyd in London. Express



Death of a Regiment... Lt.-Gen. Sir John Eldridge Colonel of the Glider Pilot Regiment at their farewell parade when they were disbanded. Army News



HRH The Princess Royal wears a new uniform designed for her by Norman Hartnell when inspecting the Sovereign's Parade at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Army News



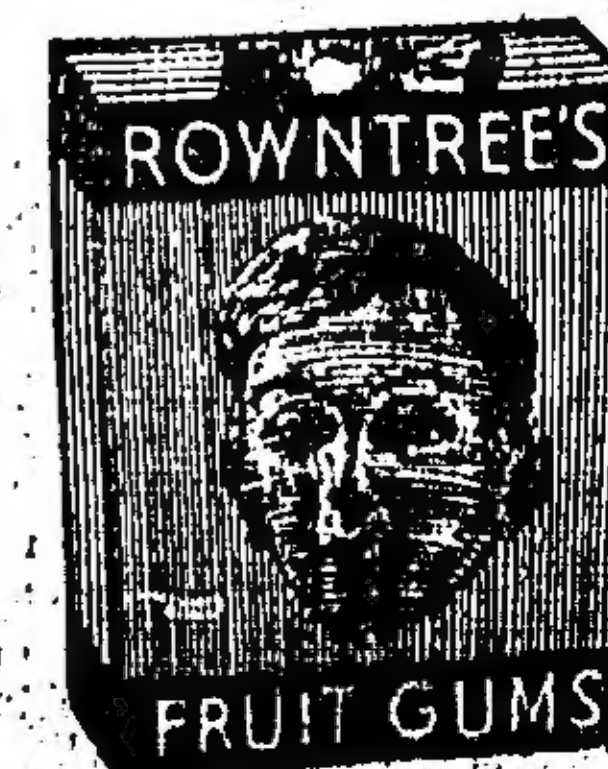
Mike Hawthorn congratulates Stirling Moss and his fiancée Katie Molson at a British Automobile Racing Club party after Stirling's victory in a Vanwall at Aintree. Express



The young Imam of the Ismaili Moslems — the Aga Khan — is seen with his mother at London Airport. He has arrived for a memorial service for his grandfather on August 21, then leaves to attend three installation ceremonies East Africa, Pakistan, and India.

LEFT: The arrival of Prince Ameen, younger brother of the new Aga Khan. Express

NANCY



SHOULD THE QUEEN HAVE TO SPEND HER OWN MONEY?

At a time when the inflation season is at its height, on a day when Mr. Thorneycroft is counting off the cherry-stories to discover what industry the next wage claim is coming from, in a summer when even the seaside postcards about broad-beamed ladies are filled with jokes on the cost-of-living, I turn your attention to the most remarkable inflation problem of them all.

A problem which up to now has been confined to the whisperers.

The problem which faces Her Majesty the Queen. The age-old royal problem of expenses exceeding income.

HER WORRIES

LET us see what that problem means.

Up and down the country politicians are talking of the difficulties of the families with fixed incomes. Yet of all those incomes none is so strangely and rigidly fixed as the income of the Royal Family.

At the beginning of every reign a committee settles the royal income. Not for a few years. For the Sovereign's whole life.

What a fantastic arrangement that is!

Every business man knows what it would mean if he had to pay out today's wages without being allowed to increase his prices beyond the 1952 level.

IT WOULD MEAN DIGGING INTO SAVINGS. IT WOULD MEAN PERPETUAL CRISIS.

And that, I believe, is exactly what it means for the Queen today. Just as her ancestors, the Kings

and Queens of the eighteenth century, lived in a perpetual nagging money crisis—the kind of crisis which forced them at times to let their state rooms go shabby and to keep servants sometimes months behind with their wages.

DWINDLING.....

IN June 1952 the Queen's income was fixed at £475,000. An amazing income. But one which has dwindled in value at an amazing rate. Already I estimate that—at 1952 values—it has dropped to £400,000.

And all the time the outgoings have increased. The royal tours, the entertainment of Empire leaders, the upkeep of royal parks—all are growing charges on the Queen's income.

The food bill of the royal household alone—in George VI's reign—went up from £18,000 in 1946 to £28,000 in 1951.

Just imagine how that single item must have swollen since then.

And remember the central fact. Every increase has to be met from an income which was fixed for the Queen in the circumstances of 1952.

Today, after the glittering Channel Islands tour, the Queen is enjoying a quiet Sunday, free from receptions and hand-shakings, in the company of her children. But at the back of her mind must lie the kind of cloud which hangs over the chairman of some great business when he knows that it is slowly sinking into debt.

THEIR TRY

YET (it will be said) surely the House of Commons committee knew all about cost-of-living problems in 1952; surely it tried to free the young Queen from such worries? Certainly it did.

Throughout May and June of that year a committee of 22 M.P.s sat combing through accounts in order to decide how much the Queen should be allowed.

The committee was not entirely composed of the sort of people one usually associates with Buckingham Palace. It included Mrs. Cullen, the Socialist M.P. from the Gorbals. It even included Mr. Michael Foot.

That committee recommended that the Queen should be paid



For her subjects—a smile from the Queen on the great public occasions. But at the back of her mind, are there misgivings about the mounting bills of the panoply of state?

an annual sum of £475,000—an increase of £65,000 on the Civil List of her father, George VI.

In addition, the committee also arranged for the Queen's husband to have his own separate income of £40,000 yearly from the State.

The committee made this increase precisely because it knew how heavily George VI had been hit by inflation.

ECONOMIES

TAKE one example. By the end of his reign the King had made economies everywhere. He had reduced his staff by 100. Yet, since he came to the Throne, his bill for salaries and wages had increased by £50,000 a year.

The result was harsh. In the last five years of his life—while ill-health gradually set in, while statesmen from abroad came and went at the Palace, while the great peace-time cycle of royal engagements got under way again—the King had to supplement the money voted him by Parliament with £150,000 from his own private purse.

When the M.P.s looked over these harsh facts in 1952 they did more than increase the royal income. They specially included in that income the amount of £70,000 yearly (to be returned each year to the State if not required) in order to meet cost-of-living problems.

In their reports the M.P.s called this "some measure of safeguard against any further increases in costs and prices during the reign."

During the reign. How ironical those words sound today! For we know that already, in the fifth year of the reign, rising prices have swept across the entire margin of £70,000—the margin which the M.P.s planned would stand out against

price variations for perhaps half a century.

PRIVATE MONEY

T HEN how will the Queen manage in the coming months?

Well, like her father, she can always draw on the fortune which she inherited.

No one knows how much that fortune amounts to. For royal wills are never published.

It is sometimes said that the Duke of Windsor, as Edward VIII, inherited at least a million pounds from his father.

Further, it is said that the Duke, on Abdication, handed over this fortune to his brother, George VI, in return for a yearly income.

But there are others who deny that George VI received anything from his brother beyond the Crown and the two private estates of Sandringham and Balmoral.

Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that—even if he began with no more than the resources of a younger son—George VI must have left a considerable fortune to his daughter.

I have mentioned the King's expenses in the last years of his life. But for him those last expensive years were more than balanced by the savings which war economies forced on him. For in the war years there were no lavish banquets, no glittering tours. Yet he still received his fixed income from Parliament which was arranged at the beginning of his reign in 1937.

As a result, by 1945 he had actually saved £440,000 from his official income. Of this he paid back £100,000 as a voluntary gift to the Treasury in 1948. And, of course, he had to provide that extra £150,000 to meet unpaid bills in the last five years

of his reign. But that still left the King savings of almost £220,000 at his death, quite apart from any private possessions or income whatever.

Yet let us suppose that the Queen inherited all this and more.

Let us add the princely bequests which she is said to have received from her grandmother, Queen Mary, and which certainly included a private collection of jewels of startling value. Let us add her family's unique stamp collection (worth many hundred thousand) and, with many other personal gifts, the amazing 54-carat diamond—a fortune in itself—which was her wedding gift from the diamond millionaire John Williamson. Let us even accept one American estimate that her personal fortune may amount to over £3,000,000.

The income from this fortune, unlike her State income, is fully subject to tax. But, of course, it may be that much of her capital has been shrewdly invested, which means that inflation will have increased it considerably.

EVEN SO, SHOULD WE STILL EXPECT THE QUEEN TO SUBSIDISE FOR THE REST OF HER REIGN THE GREAT STATE ENTERPRISE OF MODERN ROYALTY?

I do not believe so. For surely if we accept the principle of monarchy at all, we must also accept the principle that the State should pay for the functions it asks the monarchy to undertake.

There can be no argument for suggesting that the Queen—no matter how wealthy she is—should keep the machinery of State going by payments from her own pocket.

THE SOLUTION

WHAT then can be done?

Let us return to that fading pamphlet, the report drawn up by the 22 M.P.s in 1952.

There they suggested that if their income arrangements broke down, the Queen could always come to Parliament again and ask for a new committee and a new report.

But is that really the proper solution? Would it not be better—better even than asking for contributions from the Dominions—to follow the example set by the small monarchy of Denmark? There the king's income from the State for personal spending is modest enough. But, like the incomes of Danish civil servants, it is tied to the cost of living. For our own Queen that is surely the modern answer to an historic problem.

THIS is the Gin



Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Standards Supreme

Sole Distributor: DODWELL & COMPANY LIMITED.

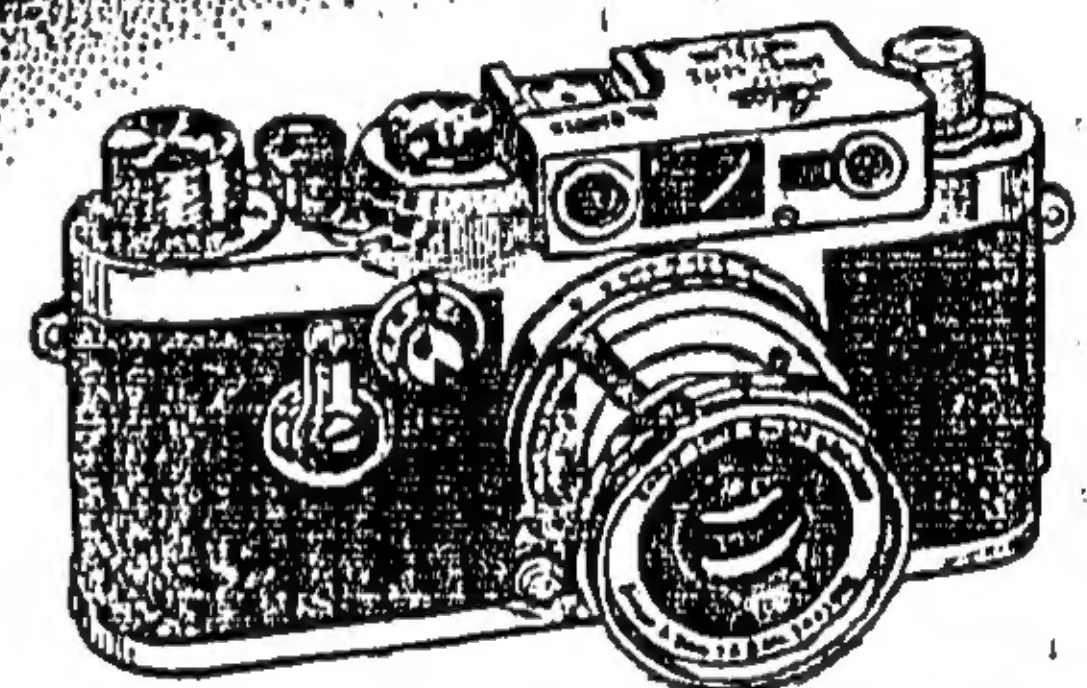
DOMINATING

the fine

NEW

Leica IIIg

LATEST DESIGNS WITH IMPROVED FEATURES



UNIVERSAL MERCANTILE CO., LTD.

UB67



ON behalf all the cows in Britain I cannot protest too strongly against the proposal that the Milk Publicity Council should use "glamorised cows" on the hoardings in place of the drink-more-milk girl—Zoe Newton.

It is stated that a branch of the Housewives' League has said: "Let's publicise the animals that produce the milk. We breed the finest cows in the world," and added that they (the wives) did not think Zoe Newton was attractive and nor did their husbands.

Which is just a lot of bull's eye.

The real reason they want Zoe off the hoardings is because they know very few husbands drink milk, and that wistful expression as they gaze stony-eyed at the posters is for Zoe Newton and not the product she is tempting you to buy.

We fully sympathise with the Housewives' League's concern that Miss Newton is inadvertently stealing their husbands' affections, but must remind them that if pictures of "glamorised cows" are to be used instead, we shall be faced with the same concern as the Housewives' League.

A "glamorised cow" on a hoarding is bound to prove more attractive to our

weak-minded husband than us, his less glamorised, over-worked wives.

And for the benefit of editors and some town people who may not appreciate that herds of cows have only one husband between the lot of them I wish to state that any additional competitions such as "glamorised cows" on hoardings would be most unwelcome.

We would remind the Milk Publicity Council that if they go ahead with this new line in advertising they will not only be doing us a great disservice but will also be doing themselves one.

For even they must realise that the milk yield from a "glamorised cow" on a hoarding is pretty low, and ours will be just about as low if our husbands' affections are to be fured away by these painted, paper dolls.

Yours,

A. SHORTHORN



HK: This Milky Isle

By Joyce England

While England pours surplus milk onto fields and makes white lakes of buttermilk, and a Government that has to pay the damage claims with the public to "drink more milk"... Hong-kong is becoming an increasingly milky island, though not through a booster campaign.

Milk drinking is up another 20 percent this year, say the Kowloon Dairy. And the Dairy Farm are producing and selling a massive 37,000 bottles of fresh milk per day and 20,000 bottles of "Blue Seal"—reconstituted milk.

Soya-nog

Soya milk swells the general milk round, and served hot is replacing cow's milk as the favorite midnight snack at street corners. You can try it neat or as an egg nog at 3 a.m. any morning on Blake Pier. And soya milk junket is one of the most common street corner snacks by day.

A spokesman of the Kowloon Dairy said that their Chinese customers were beginning to realize that milk is a "good thing," but did not yet take as much as they could, and Government regulations hindered rather than helped milk sales.

ANTIE...



"She's been shooing away ever since she's paid for a milk pottle..."

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A.R.O.C. / JARDINE ENTERPRISE

PRIDE AT STAKE IN THE PACIFIC ISLANDS... PRIDE THAT LED TO A STABBING... AND A STRANGE

The jealous husband had a knife... did he trust me?



AS a rule it was only when a husband suspected his wife of unfaithfulness that he took a knife to her admirer. But Terara's jealousy went a step beyond that.

Though he knew perfectly well that his exquisite, shy South-Wind loved him with all her heart (he admitted as much at the trial) he could not resist having a stab at Aimoa for merely making sheep's eyes at her.

Aimoa nearly died of it and Terara was lucky he got off with only a year's hard labour.

The trial took place on Kuria Island, where the two young men and others—all the island of Tabiteuea—were working under indenture.

But Terara couldn't be held in the local calaboose, because the only gaols authorised to take in long-term prisoners were those at district headquarters.

'Let me stay near my husband...'

I WAS bound to take him with me to Abemama (for that was in 1917, when I was District Officer, Central and Southern Gilberts) and this brought up the question of poor little South-Wind.

She begged not to be sent back alone to Tabiteuea. Terara, in prison all those hundreds of miles away at Abemama, would die every day of grief and jealousy, wondering what she was up to out of his sight; and she herself would die for thinking of his misery and pain. Couldn't I possibly manage to find some job for her at Abemama, so that she could at least show herself to him every day?

As it happened, my station sergeant Rota had just married a wife much younger than himself and was only too glad to find a nice companion for her. So we took South-Wind with us, and she was a tremendous success all round at Abemama.



By Sir Arthur Grimble

ship them back to Tabiteuea. All this was pure routine; we did the same for every discharged prisoner awaiting repatriation; but Terara had his own views about it. I simply couldn't get the idea out of his head that he owed everything to me.

He would come along to see me, bringing South-Wind with him, three or four evenings a week, and every time he would harp on the depth of his indebtedness.

I liked his visits very much; he was one of those rare Christians of the younger generation who refused to see shame in the traditions of his pagan ancestors; but I did find his misplaced gratitude infinitely tedious; and at last I couldn't resist telling him so.

I was sorry at once that I had spoken, I could see from the silent look he gave me that he was badly hurt.

My hand on his head

ALL he did for reply was to take my hand, lay it palm down on his bent head and say: "You are my father; I am he who lives in your hand. So be it here, where I am a stranger; but it shall be different at Tabiteuea. I shall be ashamed for ever."

They left at once and I did not see them again until we were all aboard the schooner Motau, southward bound for Tabiteuea.

A couple of nights out, both of them and Rota and I were together on the foredeck. Sprawled on our mats, looking up at the mastheads dancing among the stars, we talked from the depths of silver peace that only the moon-drunk know, of ghosts we had seen and mysteries wondered at, and strange things heard report of out of the enchanted past.

It didn't strike me as a bit out of place, therefore, when Terara started to tell Rota of a marvellous dream he had had just before leaving Tarawa.

sewing that I could give her to do, for no pay, in the meantime, so that she could be sure she was at least earning her board and keep with us? People had their pride, after all.

So South-Wind, a glowing wisp of loveliness no bigger than an elf, became cook's maid, yard girl, scullery maid, washerwoman's help, waitress, sewing maid, and despatch runner in our establishment. Only her in our establishment. Only her in our establishment. Only her in our establishment.

He sang and laughed

MRS Rota loved her at first sight, and so did the wife of the warden of the men's gaol, which was even more important. She was allowed to sit in the warden's house every morning at six o'clock, to smile at Terara as he passed out of the prison yard with his working party.

This and the usual visits allowed by law seemed to keep him very happy about her, for he sang and laughed all day at his work.

About a quarter-way through his term, he came to my office for a private talk.

It appeared that he thought himself indebted to me for everything. Rota and his wife were doing to keep South-Wind happy. It had been on his mind for a long time, he said, and he wanted her to start getting level with the account as quickly as possible.

Wasn't there some regular job of sweeping or scrubbing or

His debt of gratitude

ALL but a few shillings of her wages had gone to them, and £6 had a lot of buying power in those days.

We gave them a house in the police lines and found a paid job for Terara in the station carpenter's shop until we could

• Where else but in the palm-fringed islands of the Pacific would a man make such a bargain to settle a debt of gratitude? Who else but Sir ARTHUR GRIMBLE could tell the story? Sir Arthur spent 40 years as a Colonial Office administrator in the islands. This series is adapted from his book, RETURN TO THE ISLANDS, completed just before he died.

he came to take orders for the next morning. He practically ran out of the room without saluting as soon as my cook-boy came in to spread a guest mat at my feet as I sat in a squatter's chair and tell me that Terara and South-Wind had arrived.

Put on in my honour

POOR South-Wind was a sad sight when they appeared, her lovely little golden body all dolled up and cowering in the frilled horror of a mission school Mother Hubbard.

But it was high ceremonial dress in the southern islands; she had clearly put it on in my honour and I did manage to say something nice about it.

I thought it was her pleasure at the compliment that made her more demonstrative than I had ever before seen her. Instead of sitting down on the guest mat to face me with Terara she sank to the floor by my feet, facing the guest mat, her right cheek resting like a child's against my knee.

I must say I liked it a lot. But, remembering her husband's over-jealous knife, I couldn't help hoping hard that he trusted me as much as she did.

And then I noticed that he was still standing.

Before I could bid him to seated he stepped forward and laid a wreath of white wai blossoms on South-Wind's head.

"I leave this woman in your hands tonight. Let her loving kindness be to you the measure of my gratitude," he murmured, smiling serenely down on both of us. I was still gaping at that when he added: For 20 days I have slept apart from her, so that she might come to you without shame."

I sat cursing myself for a fool. This was the token of love and thanks he had meant the night before. No wonder Rota had been scandalised. But how could I turn and rend him now after inviting him to bring South-Wind ashore to me?

He couldn't possibly have guessed that I hadn't meant it this way. Besides, now I understood his offer. I couldn't agree with Rota; I still could see no insolence in it—nothing indeed but a gesture of regard that wrung me with its generosity. (Continued on Page 7)

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins



BARGAIN

city. My mind groped desperately for some way of refusing that might not smash his pride.

But all my clumsy talk of the difference between his people's customs and ours seemed to leave him more and more crest-fallen.

I could not arrive at convincing him that my rejection of his most precious gift was due to no fault in himself or her.

I don't know how I should ever have comforted him without enlisting South-Wind's help. She had sat silent throughout, her cheek still against my knee, her right arm crooked around my calves.

I think the contact must have enabled the passage of an inspiration from her to me, for I was somehow certain of her answer when I said: "Tell us the truth, South-Wind, tell us nothing but the truth, did you in your own heart really want this thing?"

A word left unspoken

SHE turned her head and laughed up in my face. "No!" she replied, then looked across at Terara accusingly and added, "That man knows I did not want it. I said to him: 'If you must send me to another man, why must it be a white man?' I also said: 'This white man is not like a frigate bird but a...'"

Before she got the word out, Terara sprang forward with an indignant howl and clapped his hand over her mouth.

I never found out what she was going to say, but I knew, and her rejection of me to my face, to much more outspoken than mine of her, seemed to inspire him all at once with renewed self-respect.

He raised her to her feet, laughed down at me with the air of a man of a burden, picked her up in his arms, puffed out his chest, and as if she were a bride, new-wed to be carried across his threshold, and ran out with her into the flaming moonlight. A minute later I heard faint howl with laughter from the kitchen.

There were no more purification rites from him the next morning.

A very different case was that of Taratake. He was a much-wronged husband.

Taratake knew of his own goodness, that, only given time to cool down, he could condone practically any slip of Laughter-of-Waves, his wife. So he brought her to my office one day, saying:—

"Kurimbo, this woman has sinned. She has already deceived me twice before, and I have forgiven her. I love her greatly, as all men know.

"Quite reasonable," she said

"I WISH to pardon her again in the end, but I fear I shall struggle with this thing until she has been away from my sight for at least six months."

I asked Laughter-of-Waves if the proposal struck her as reasonable.

It did, she said. She didn't want to be strangled; besides which, both she and her partner in crime were sorry for what they had done and eager to afford Taratake the solace of an official explanation.

I accordingly recommended the two offenders to the favourable consideration of the Native Court, which obliged all of us by sending them to prison for six months each.

Taratake's only real fault after that was too much forgiveness. You can't have too much of that. And then, who but a complete saint could have turned a blind eye to the interior weakness of our penal organisation?

The colony was desperately poor. Big prison staffs were entirely out of the question.

We were happy indeed, in the circumstances, if our criminal gentlefolk were tactful enough to keep their breaches of discipline decently hidden and beyond that, willing when they chose to sing at night, not to bowl themselves quite hoarse.

The song at midnight

TARATAKE had once done a year in the central prison at Tarawa (I forget what for), and he knew much more than I did about its interior possibilities.

This valuable experience, plus his wife's clever use of the latitude allowed for midnight song, plus the happy accident that the women's wardroom was his father's sister, enabled him



A sorceress uses magic to open prison doors

to organise the sort of reconciliation that his generous heart ached for.

I only began to learn the facts when Laughter-of-Waves had been released from prison for some months, and I heard that she had given birth to a fine son.

Question that puzzled me

THAT was pleasant news in itself, but a question of time rather puzzled me.

The prison records said that she had been discharged just five months and three weeks previously after serving her full sentence of six months.

It made strange biological arithmetic for the cloistered seclusion of a female prison, unless one believed in spontaneous generation.

I asked them to come and have a private chat with me. The baby came with them, a very agreeable infant.

Our opening talk was about a virgin known to Gilbertese mythology as Nei Matumona, who—so the story ran—had once upon a time been visited by a sunbeam as she lay basking in a solitary pool, and so became the mother of that mighty sun-hero, Eue.

But Taratake said "No": as a Christian (though his wife was a pagan) he couldn't approve of Nei Matumona's methods and didn't, in any case, believe things happened that way nowadays.

There was clearly nothing to do then but apologise to him at once, on behalf of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, for what had happened to Laughter-of-Waves in the female lock-up and congratulate him, in the name of humanity, for his generous readiness to father an interloper's child.

This was, however, more than a virtuous mother could take in silence.

Laughter-of-Waves spent the next 10 minutes forcing me with floods of indignant tears, to note the astounding resemblance between her baby and his father.

All that time Taratake sat with an arm round her waist, nodding his head at every point she made and shaking it with such reproachful eyes at me that I felt lower than a worm. But I did want all the facts, if only for the appraisal of my own fallibility, and presently they came tumbling out.

It appeared, to begin with, that Laughter-of-Waves was a most accomplished sorceress.

Her spells, she claimed, had twice won Taratake's instant pardon for her wilful ways; it was therefore only natural to turn to them again for help in prison.

She didn't want him throwing eyes at other women while she was locked up; she was right in that? She asked. I had to admit I thought she probably was, and was glad to hear from her then that the great wariness, Taratake's aunt, had held absolutely the same opinion.

A few strands of hair

IT was this aunt who had obtained from him a few strands of his hair for the right kind of spellbinding and had also provided matches for burning them at the right ritual moment.

Laughter-of-Waves herself had organised the community singing.

"Do you remember," she reproached me, "you once sent your cook over to us three

nights running, to beg us not to sing like lunatics? You see, everyone had to sing loud. Otherwise, they would have heard the words of my spell, and it wouldn't have worked."

My own hair is Christian

HERE is the slightly expurgated English rendering of them:—

Mr Hair-of-his-head, Mr Hair-of-his-head, Go you to him, to Taratake! Whisper my name when he dreams, when he wakes. When he walks among the women,

Draw him by the hand, Draw him by the foot, Draw him by the heart and entrails to me.

He thinks only of me; He dies for love of me; There is no woman for him but me, no love but mine, no love-making but mine.

He comes to me, he comes, he is here with me, With me, Laughter-of-Waves—o-o-o!

The burning of a single hair at the end was enough to speed the indwelling spirit on its way.

I don't know how it strikes others, but I thought it pretty natural, that, after three performances of a ritual like that, Taratake should have started dreaming of his wife—especially as he knew from his helpful aunt exactly when the ceremonies began and ended.

The third performance completed, he said, he had allowed Mr Hair-of-his-head one night to come and draw him by the hand, a second to do the same by his foot, and a third to deal with his heart and entrails.

But, Taratake, I ventured to protest at this point, "you're a Christian! You can't go

playing about with pagan spirits like that, you know."

The dignified reproach in his answer left me sorry I had spoken: "Sir, you have forgotten that it was my own hair. The spirit of it was as Christian as I am myself."

So, on the fourth night, the spirit, led him to the wardress's quarters in the goal yard.

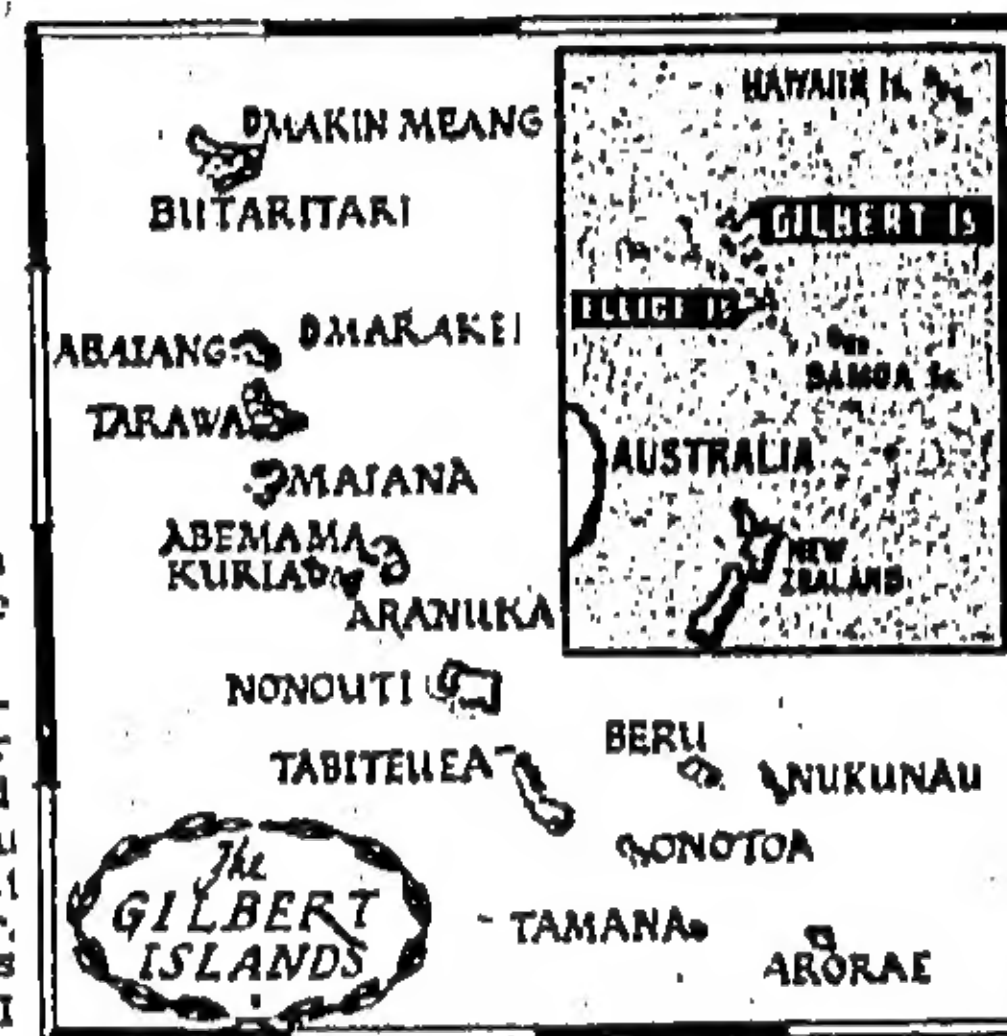
It was easy going after that, because another spell known to Laughter-of-Waves held his mind bound to her mat in a miraculous sleep.

This again was, religiously speaking, blameless. She was a Christian like himself and had given the sorceress some of her own eyelashes for the sleep ritual, so as to make sure there was no hanky-panky with pagan spirits.

Comforted beyond measure by this thought, he took the key she had carelessly left by a lighted hurricane lamp and pressed serenely on with his mission of forgiveness into the female lock-up.

We call him Kurimbo

EVERYTHING was ready for him there. The other lady inmates had plaited garlands of perfumed flower to hang about the room. They lay now, magicked asleep, on the concrete floor. They had to be on the floor, because their wooden pallets were needed to make the little cubicle where his beloved awaited his forgiveness. But what could hard lying matter to them, who slept so fast and



• Magic names for magic places—this is the Pacific Island kingdom which Sir Arthur Grimble governed, travelling from island to island in a ten-ton cutter.

dreamed so deep, maybe, of love fulfilled in the scented darkness?

"And how many times did they have to be magicked altogether?" I asked Laughter-of-Waves when all was told.

"Only six," she replied. "You see, it was difficult. We started the night you left on a visit to Abung and finished the night before you came back. You wander round the station a lot at night, and we didn't want to hurt you."

I was grateful for their tender feelings. For the rest, what was to be done? One can't wheedle confessions from one's parishioners only to put the dogs of justice on their tracks. So I asked them weakly what their idea of a fair thing was.

They had it all ready: "We thought," said Taratake, "that it would be nice if we called our son Kurimbo, after you."

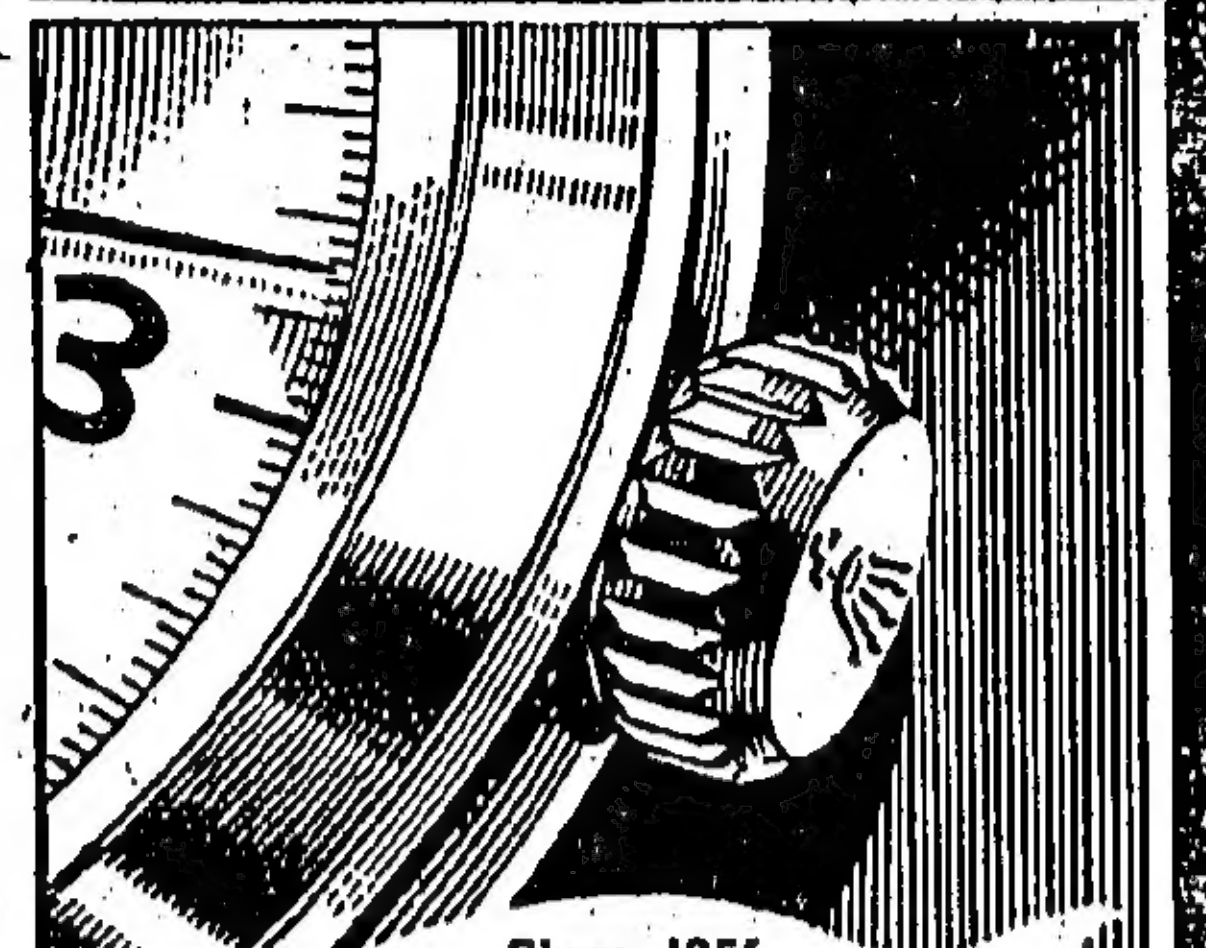
I looked at the brat. He really was rather a nice baby. I was proud to be his sponsor.

NEXT WEEK

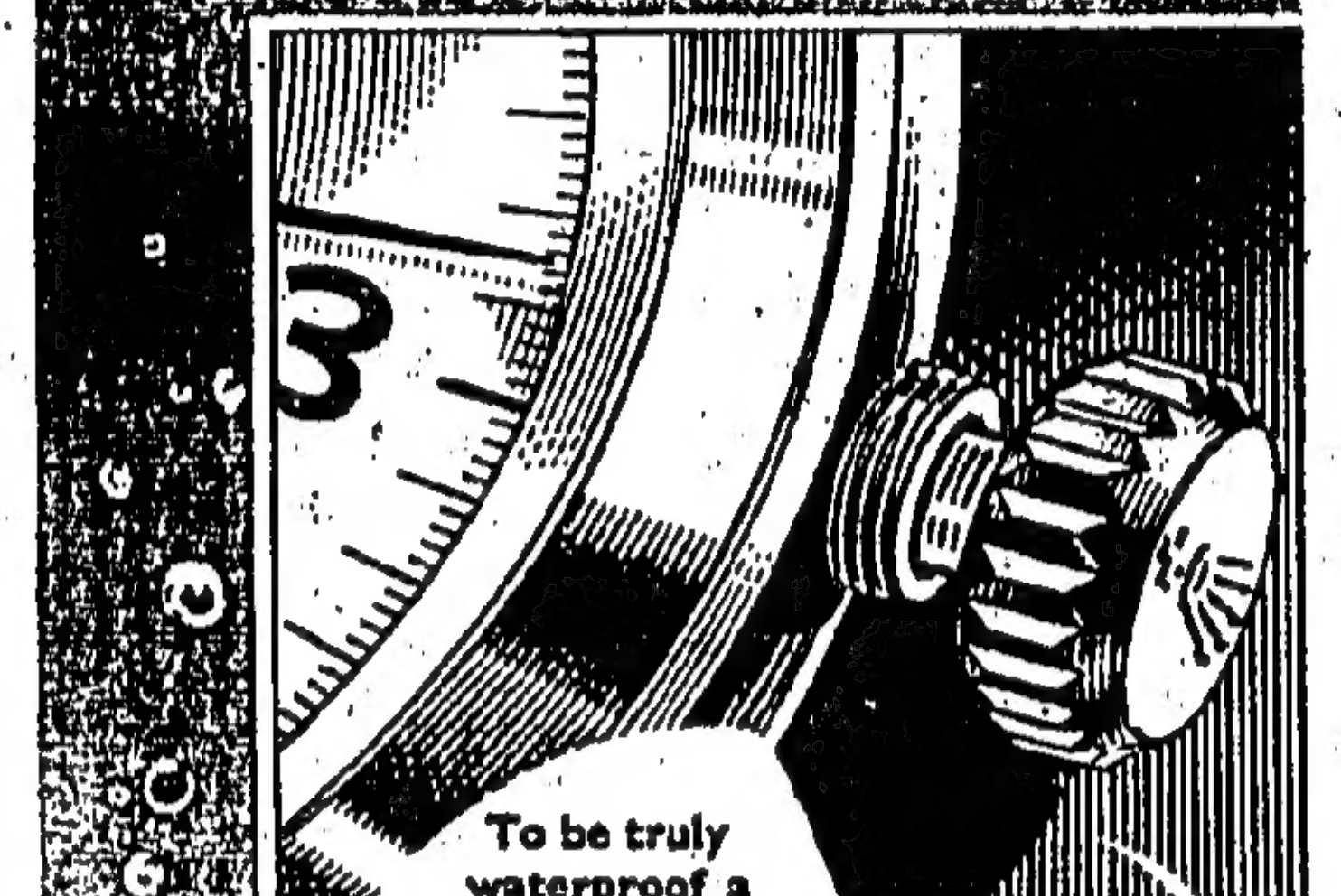
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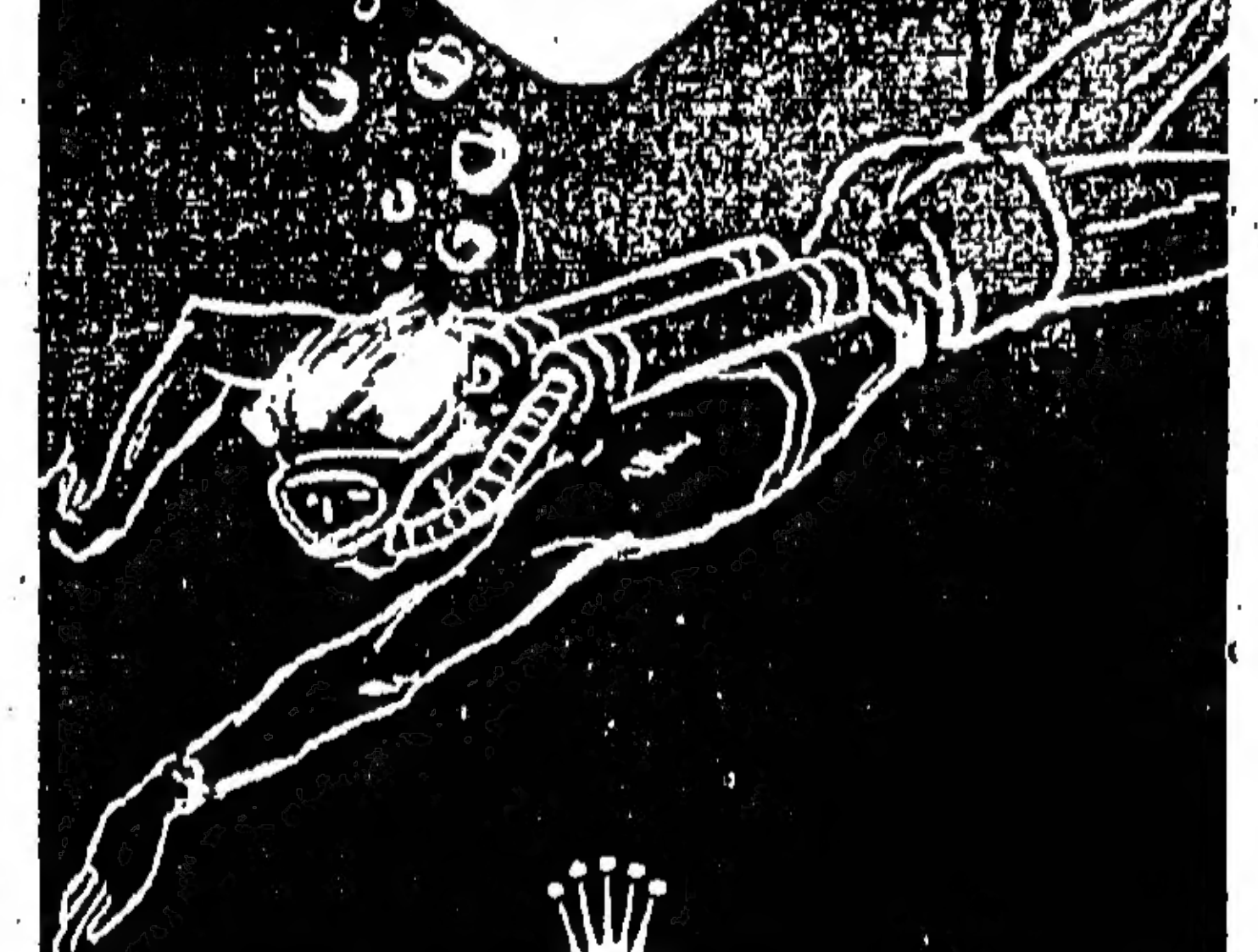
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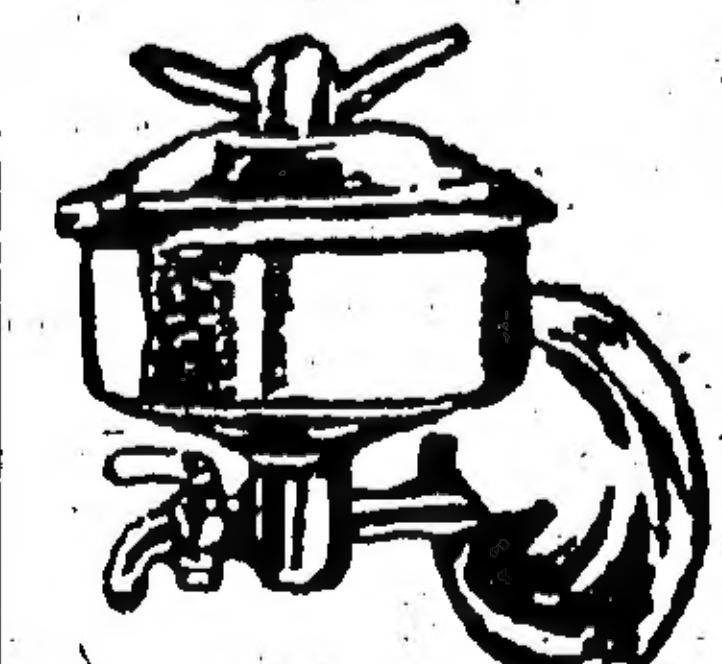
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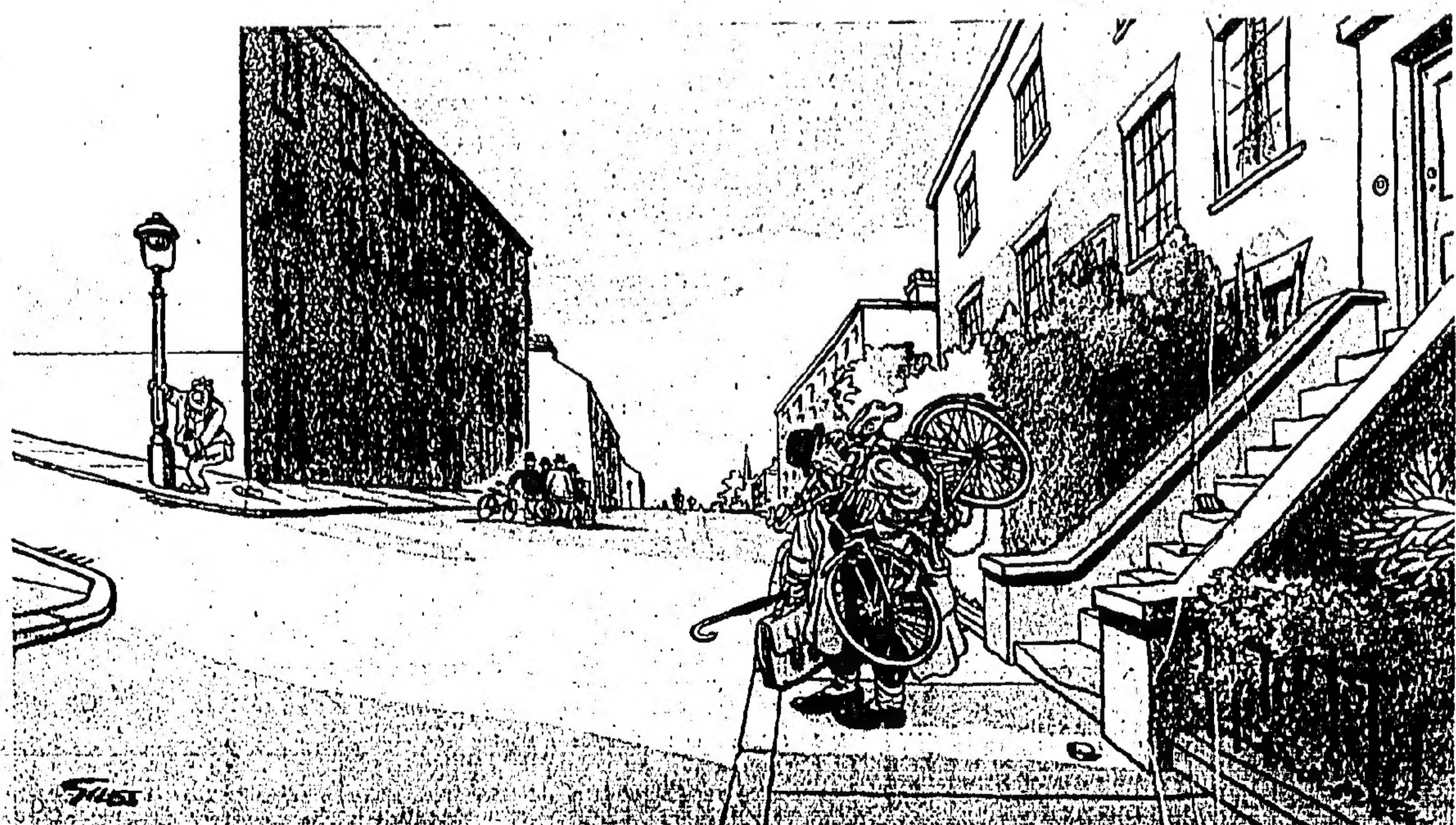
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"Ethel—I'd cycle to work for the duration of the strike without a murmur. But don't keep telling me I'd do me good."

Sylvia Ashley Story... the secret drama of her first marriage...

Sylvia's 'dead' father is the uninvited wedding guest



THE news that he had been declared dead on his daughter's wedding licence application stunned Arthur Hawkes. He couldn't believe it. There had to be some mistake.

But there was no mistake.

In Wharfedale Gardens, the big block of flats where Sylvia had spent her childhood, the news went from door to door. That warm-hearted community was shattered.

Then a woman friend said to Hawkes: "You must go to the church. Sylvia is still your daughter."

Hawkes nodded. "I will sit in the gallery," he said. "Nobody will see me there... or know who I am."

Sylvia, packing for the honeymoon at a flat in West Halkin Street, Belgrave, knew nothing of the drama that was being played out.

Heather Thatcher, her friend from the Winter Garden show, burst in to help her.

FURIOUS

"HAPPY the bride the sun shines on..." she cried. Sylvia put her hands to her lips.

"Shh... he's in there."

HE was the Earl of Shaftesbury—father of Lord Ashley—who had driven from his home in Dorset in a desperate, last-minute attempt to stop the wedding.

A moment later, white-faced and in a towering rage, the earl stormed out of the flat.

Outside in West Halkin Street, he joined the countless—who had been pacing up and down the pavement while her husband was inside.

She looked at him inquiringly. He shook his head. Together, in silence, they got back into their car and drove away.

Meanwhile, at the church—fashionable St Paul's in Knightsbridge—rumours

were circulating wildly. The wedding had been arranged for 11.30—but when that hour struck there was no sign of either the bride or the groom.

Other guests were there: Archie Campbell, who was to be best man; Richard Norton (later Lord Grantley); Sylvia's mother and sister Vern; Heather Thatcher and Dorothy Field.

And upstairs in the gallery, Arthur Hawkes... the man who was supposed to be dead. He had arrived quietly at the church with a friend, determined to see his daughter's proudest moment. He sat as near the back as possible.

No relations of the bridegroom were there. The pew set aside for them was empty. A little later Heather Thatcher and Dorothy Field slipped across and sat in it.

Twenty minutes after the appointed time there was still no sign of the bride.

Tension mounted.

HER MISTAKE

ARCHIE CAMPBELL told reporters: "Even now I do not know whether the wedding will take place."

Then, at five minutes to 12, Lord Ashley came in. And Sylvia appeared at a side entrance.

The ceremony began. And it went smoothly enough, though from time to time many eyes turned towards the doors.

But nothing happened.

The ceremony over, Ashley and his bride went into the vestry to sign the register.

Sylvia was nervous, impatient. She signed the book "Sylvia Ashley" instead of with her maiden name, as required. The vicar, Mr Francis Leith Boyd, asked her to sign again and initialled the correction in the margin.

Then they walked down the aisle, a handsome couple; Ashley in morning dress with a polka-dot tie, she in her white satin gown, made by her old dressmaker friend from Wharfedale Gardens, Pauline Godwin.

In the crowd outside the church Arthur Hawkes stood with his friend. They had come from the gallery while the couple were signing the register.

"Go on," the woman said, as Sylvia and Ashley appeared. "She's your daughter. Take a look at her."

She pushed Hawkes to the front of the crowd.

Did Sylvia see him?

He never knew.

Smiling happily, the couple drove off to the small reception arranged at the Hyde Park Hotel.

On the way they passed a giant poster advertising the film *The Black Pirate*. Neither Tony Ashley nor his beautiful bride gave it a second glance.



THE MAN they said was dead. Arthur Hawkes, Sylvia's father, had become a house-keeper, a person to be reckoned with in the social scene.

The star of the film was Douglas Fairbanks senior...

Sylvia revelled in the title of Lady Ashley. Overnight she had become important... a person to be reckoned with in the social scene.

And the taste of such fame was pleasant in her mouth.

At the end of her honeymoon in Cannes she said: "I belong to my husband now. Despite my love for the theatre and the many engagements offered me since my wedding, I do not intend to appear on the stage again."

FETED

SHE had abandoned the theatre but—with her good friend Mrs Dorothy Campbell—she continued to take part in charity affairs. And everywhere she went she was feted and adored.

Gurgled a London evening paper: "Lady Ashley is extremely popular because she has a sympathetic personality, a pleasant way of talking and a number of delightful mannerisms. Some of her gestures have a classical charm. I need not tell you how important gestures are..."

No, indeed. But in June of that year a problem arose. Lord Ashley, having studied agriculture at university, wanted to put his knowledge to practical use in the country. His aunt, Lady Beauchamp, had given him a house near Malvern, in Worcestershire, and he was looking forward to the move.

She pushed Hawkes to the front of the crowd.

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HER COUP

NOT so Sylvia. Of the classical gestures. The fruits of social success were better to be enjoyed in London, she felt. And, though she moved with Ashley to Worcestershire, she

kept on her London flat to continue enjoying them.

Sylvia, who had, the columnists claimed, "a way of talking that would fascinate an anchorite," pulled off one social coup after another.

She appeared at every social function of importance. She became the darling of the drawing-rooms. She was pictured talking to Prince George at a midnight ballet party.

And, most notable coup of all, she danced with the Prince of Wales at the Cafe de Paris.

It seemed she could do no wrong.

But soon it became noticeable that Lord Ashley was by her side less and less. Invariably it was "Lady Ashley at the ball," never "Lord and Lady Ashley."

Only a few close friends knew the truth.

After less than a year to gether the marriage was in tatters.

Soon everyone was to know. On July 17, 1928—18 months

Even her finger-nails were the subject of a eulogistic article—"they are so essentially feminine."

When she shirked because a window blew open suddenly at the Casino at Le Touquet—it rated half a column. When she appeared in a restaurant with diamond bracelets reaching almost from her wrist to her elbow, she got another half column.

Even the fact that she wore a bright red dress at Newmarket was considered important. And when she gave a luncheon party at an oyster bar in Melton Mowbray after the Melton Hunt Ball, she made every column in London.

Campbell on the line—with an invitation.

Dorothy and her husband had become close friends of Douglas Fairbanks senior (he was godfather to their son Colin) and were spending much time with him.

On the day of the phone call, they were getting up a theatre party with their mutual friend, film actor Harold Lloyd.

"What about a partner for me?" boomed Fairbanks. "Ring up that girl friend of yours, Dorothy. What's her name, Sybil?"

"Sylvia," corrected Dorothy. "That's right," said Fairbanks. "Ring her up; ask her to join us."

They went to the theatre together; a happy, carefree party.

Sylvia was captivated by Fairbanks.

It is important to realise what an impression this screen giant must have made on the gentle Sylvia. Though past his prime as a motion picture star, he symbolised Hollywood

glamour for all time. And he was a millionaire.

Everything about him impressed Sylvia. He was a born traveller and bon vivant. His elgria came direct from Cuba; his suits all the way from Rome.

He laughed, bragged, chided, joked and flattered. He talked of exotic dishes like Arab kush-kush, Chinese birds'-nest soup, hundred-year-old eggs, and pickled shark fins. And when he saw Sylvia's wide-open eyes, he slung back his head and laughed out loud.

Fairbanks was a curious man. He had little love for his son, Douglas Fairbanks junior.

"I have no more paternal feeling than a tiger in the jungle for his cub," he said.

They were very great friends. So much so that in January 1933 Birkin went to court to give evidence for Sylvia when the landlady of her West Halkin Street flat sued her for a quarter's rent (£87), claiming that she had not been given a full six months' notice.

Sylvia lost the case. But it presented no problems.

By this time she had moved into a mews at 58, Park Street, Mayfair.

Although many friends thought her relationship with Birkin might develop into something more than friendship once her marriage to Ashley was over, it never did.

Time Birkin died of blood poisoning in June 1933. And Sylvia met Douglas Fairbanks.

The meeting came about in a curious way. One evening the telephone rang at her Park Street flat.

It was her friend Dorothy

by RODERICK MANN

THE CAR ACE

ABOUT this time she met Sir Henry "Tim" Birkin, the famous racing driver.

Birkin, slight and good-looking and with an attractive manner, was 35. He was principal driver of Dorothy Paget's famous Bentley racing team. Soon he and Sylvia were seen everywhere together.

... a marriage that was to break up in less than a year

The phone rings: 'Would you like to meet Fairbanks?'

REGISTRATION DISTRICT		SALWORTH HARBOUR BOROUGH	
Marriage solemnized at: St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, in the County of London.			
Name of Bride	Sylvia Ashley	Name of Groom	Douglas Fairbanks
Age of Bride	25	Age of Groom	35
Address of Bride	58, Park Street, Mayfair	Address of Groom	1, Grosvenor Gardens, London
Signature of Bride	Sylvia Ashley	Signature of Groom	Douglas Fairbanks
Signature of Vicar	Francis Leith Boyd	Signature of Registrar	Arthur Hawkes
According to the Rules and Regulations of the Metropolitan Council for London, the Marriage is hereby declared valid.			

THE first marriage certificate of Sylvia Ashley. It records the bride's father as "deceased." But he was at the church and in the crowd outside when she left.

For he had fallen in love with Sylvia.

She had all the qualities he admired in a woman: sympathy, warmth, and sex-appeal. Further, she was an excellent listener. And he liked people to listen.

His prolonged visits to Europe did not pass unnoticed. Everywhere he went his activities were faithfully chronicled. For word of his interest in Sylvia Ashley had got around.

He was pictured playing golf at Sunningdale with the Prince of Wales and Prince George; skiing in St Moritz, sunning himself in Naples; visiting his friends the Brinsley Plunkets at Luttrellstown Castle, Co. Dublin.

And friends could not help noticing that at many of the house-parties and resorts, Sylvia, too, was a guest.

Close friends sensed that Fairbanks and Sylvia were heading for a matrimonial scandal that would rock Hollywood—and complete the disintegration of Fairbanks' popularity as a motion-picture idol.

They tried to persuade him to end the association. They pointed out the difference in their ages—20 years. They said there could be no happiness for either of them at Mary Pickford's expense.

There could only be one outcome to this—and in February 1934 it happened.

Ashley sued for divorce, naming Fairbanks as co-respondent.

That night Fairbanks rang Mary Pickford in Boston. The line was very bad.

"Mary," he said, his voice faltering. "I've been named as

Douglas had a Chinese-style dressing room, with panels from a Ming temple.

It was fabulous.

To the film colony, an invitation to Pickford was considered just as important as a summons to Buckingham Palace.

Footmen in knee breeches and gold braided coats (one man to each guest) served dinner. The menus were always engraved.

The conversation was sparkling, witty, crude.

All this, however, had begun to pall on Fairbanks.

WARNING

A WEEK or two before—at the Hyde Park Hotel, where he was staying—he had said: "I like it here. I'd like to stay."

"Why don't you?" he was asked.

"Mary would divorce me," said Fairbanks, looking glumly down at his white spats.

Despite this he began spending more and more time in Europe.

co-respondent in divorce proceedings. "His voice broke. For a man long accustomed to the heart-warming adulation of his fans, it was a sorry time.

"What will you do, Mary?"

"Nothing, Douglas."

"I'm so grateful, Mary," he said. "The way you've stood by and put up with it all..."

He hung up and walked sadly down to the bar.

Three months later, some of his bumplessness returned. He decided to make "The Private Life of Don Juan," for Alex Korda. It was to be filmed at "Frisco" and Fairbanks rented a country estate, North Mimms Park, near by.

It was a magnificent place, standing in beautifully landscaped grounds. There were 20 gardeners, and it took a private army to run the house. Fairbanks paid £150 a week for it.

Every week-end the house was filled with guests. It was all terribly gay. And Sylvia Ashley was always there.

It couldn't go on, of course. The glare of publicity was

DOUBTS

FAIRBANKS himself began to have doubts. He was in love with Sylvia, that he knew. But could he ever forget Mary... the woman who had done so much with him; who had meant so much to him?

As the weeks went by he became less and less sure that he could.

In August 1934, while he and Sylvia were holidaying in Monte Carlo, things came to a head. He talked to Joseph Schenck, a fellow director of United Artists, who was also on holiday there. Schenck was due to sail to America on the Italian liner Rex the next day.

"Come with me, Douglas," urged Schenck. "You've been away from Hollywood for over a year. Come back and make it up with Mary."

Fairbanks called Mary in Hollywood and talked for several minutes. Then, suddenly determined to do all he could to effect a reconciliation with Mary, he secretly booked passage on the Rex.

Just before sailing time he went on board, carrying nothing but the clothes he was wearing.

He did not say goodbye to Sylvia.

A NEW FILM

BUT Fairbanks ignored them.

There could only be one outcome to this—and in February 1934 it happened.

Ashley sued for divorce, naming Fairbanks as co-respondent.

That night Fairbanks rang Mary Pickford in Boston. The line was very bad.

"Mary," he said, his voice faltering. "I've been named as



Sylvia joins a shooting party in Norfolk. With her is Sir Henry "Tim" Birkin, the racing motorist and her constant companion in the early 1930's, and (in the foreground) the Earl of Warwick.

NEXT WEEK

To Hollywood with Fairbanks

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



Three hats illustrating new trends in Svend's collection for autumn-winter 1957/58.
Left: "Tide" on off-the-shoulder hat modelled on classic Greek style. It is in pink velvet.
Centre: "Hocho Quene", a hat with an outstanding visor-like brim. In grey felt, it is decorated with a silver ribbon.
Right: "Lausanne", a Phrygian cap in white felt.—Agence France-Presse.

EILEEN ASCROFT reports from Paris

The GLAMOUR GOLD RUSH

THIS is golden week in Paris for the tip-top model girls. They can earn 8,000 francs (about £3) an hour and work 16 hours out of the 24, seven days a week if they wish.

Organising this glamour gold rush is a lovely delphinium-eyed brunette with a handsome waist and a fluffy black hair-do. She is Dorian Leigh, one time favourite American cover girl and one of the busiest girls in Paris today. Apart from being one of Paris's top models she runs her own photographic model agency.

"I work for the magazines and newspapers," she told me, "and have 20 of the top Paris models registered with me. It has to be done this way because of a strange old clause in the Napoleonic code which makes it illegal to deduct a percentage of a woman's salary."

One-third of Dorian's girls are French, another third English and the rest German, Dutch, Italian and Swedish.

English girls are much in demand because of their long legs, height and small bones. "If a French girl has small bones," Dorian tells me, "she is usually too short for modelling."

Most popular model in Paris at present is an Irish-American brunette, Barbara Muller.

The Pose

"It is not type that decides it," according to Dorian, "but the way she poses."

Dorian likes to rub the prestige of her models. "I prefer them to call on photographers by appointment. It gives them more standing."

She broke off at this point to admonish two hopeful English girls who had been breaking this rule.

Dorian herself is still one of the most sought after models. "Why did you decide to settle here?"

She looked at me in astonishment, as if I should have known the answer. "Paris."

How do you dress, your husband for the bench? I was greatly intrigued with the Paris shop window that shows this kind of male beach attire for every figure.

If he is short and tubby, for instance, he should wear trunks with a skirt and a vertical stripe to give height.

If he is long and skinny the stripe should go the other way with no skirt to give him curves.

The man with the heavy top should wear a confining singlet with his trunks to give the figure some camouflage and shape.

Only the real Adonis should dare a bikini and only if he is under 35. Elderly gentlemen should indulge in plainish patterns and refuse the temptations of brilliant Florida cottons which make them look foolish.

Over 60 they should seek refuge in a one-piece swim suit.

Here is Paris' beauty news from one of the world's cosmetic queens. In her 60-odd years in the beauty business Helena Rubenstein (alias Princess Gourtel) has done more to glorify women of the



The sea urchin cap—from Lanvin—completely covers the hairline. This model, sketched by Gresham, is made from clipped blue and black ostrich feathers.

Americas, Europe and the Dominions than any woman alive, with the possible exception of Elizabeth Arden.

What does she say about beautifying our faces for autumn?

"Natural and luminous by day, richly exotic at night."

Pink foundation will be brightened by vivid touches of rouge on cheeks, chin and even on the earlobes and nostrils. A startling change from the pale faces of the last two seasons.

"Lips," says Madame, "will be clearly defined, almost square, with emphasis on the lower lip in the brightest of reds."

Brows will be pencilled in a circular shape and lids heavily shadowed.

Madame recalls the way Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford used to look—that's the face she intends us to don this coming season. Hair will be casually swept up off the neck, sparkling with red or platinum ribbons, with, of course, forehead bangs.

Latest Collection News

Mary Rouff, introduced quite the prettiest autumn colour of jade green. Lots of hip interest in this collection, with belts slung round the top of the thighs. Glamorous evening combination is black velvet and satin. Mannequins brought back the long pendant jewelled earrings for evening.

Jean Dessès, neckline news, with a contrasting band inserted at the neck of different coloured material or fur. Sometimes the skirts are split to reveal an underskirt which matches the insert at the neckline. Other points of interest were longer belted jackets, with short skirts and dove-tail evening dresses.

Amy Blatt, is the designer who pioneered hand-knitted couture clothes. But it was the little mohair jumper suits in her ready-to-wear collection that caught my eye. Loose-fitting and weighing only a few ounces, they looked cosy and extremely elegant and would be a packing dream.

I got the answer from Mr. Sidney Glitler, veteran buyer for one of America's largest

Patricia Douglas sums up the autumn-winter collections in London

GENTLE CURVES FORM THE NEW TREND

THE winter collections of the London fashion designers are specially notable this year for the fascinating array of new and unusual woollen materials. These vary from the bulky coating fabrics, which, though giving the impression of tremendous warmth and cosiness, have a new lightness, to the gossamer fine dress weight cloths used for late day dresses.

The result of these softer handling fabrics is the feminine line created by nearly all the "Top Eleven." Skirts are semi-fitting rather than classically tailored. Coats are generously cut though they show simplicity of line. Daytime dresses have a softness rarely seen previously to the same extent.

Almost throughout the collections the impression is of gentle curves. Skirts are rather shorter than of late and waists, unaccented, are long with the emphasis on the hipbone.

In an outstandingly good collection MICHAEL has evolved a new silhouette which, no points out, relies more on cut than on canvas. The jackets which are broad across the shoulders with sleeves mounted in a deep and low armhole, are short and loose above the hip-line, curving up slightly in front.

The skirts, slim and tight are the new shorter length, just below the bend of the knee.

In most of the models the waistline is ignored completely or only cursorily acknowledged by a very slight in-curving. The hip-line becomes the new focus of fashion with long slung belts or banding in contrasting fabrics. Sometimes the jacket or ensemble is replaced by a tunic or jumper top.

Among his new materials is a woven woollen cloth in black and white which appears to have been knitted to giant needles.

At LACHASSE the emphasis is again on the hip-line. This is proclaimed by four suits whose jackets are cut so long as to curve over the "derrière" in a hammock shape. It is called the "swinging" line and is carried through as well in a rough tweed as it is in a fine smooth suiting.

The same line is seen also in a topcoat and a matching dress with a low boat drawn in the swinging back panel above the lower skirt.

MICHAEL SHERARD's line is soft, the shape simple and easy, with blouse, belted and forward skirt fullness, though the shoulders seem sometimes unnaturally squared. A tunic effect of a purple three-quarter length coat in velours worn over a fine black wool day dress draws the eye to the hip-line.

He features interesting Scotch tweeds for suits and topcoats.

An unbleached Scottish boucle is used for an important coat trimmed with beaver. It is worn over a winter print travel dress.

RONALD PATERSON has been inspired by a chunky Chinese bronze vase of the Shang-Yin dynasty of 1500 B.C. This "Chie" line gives to the silhouette a wide-at-the-top look, helped by a slightly dropped shoulderline, which tapers to a narrow hemline.

Many bodices have a softly bloused effect; back dolours, which grow out of the side seam, are used to create the same line. Shorter skirts are mostly simple and straight, though the few exceptions show fullness controlled by flat pleating.

PATERSON uses beautiful Scottish tweeds of a rough texture but with no appearance of harshness. Small interesting check weaves in the wools show strong contrasts of black, grey and brown. A dark cranberry shade in tweed introduces a glow of colour among the neutrals.

VICTOR STIEBEL has produced an essentially feminine line and his soft "little" suits and elegant dresses, topped by generously unfolding coats, are becoming and easy to wear.

Suit jackets in satin-smooth faccloth, tweed and black worsted are semi-fitted and hip-bone short; skirts are needle slim.

A feature of the collection is the cross drape—sometimes set across the yoke of a coat to tie in the front ends in front, or alternatively across the front of bodice or skirt as a draped loop.

A short semi-fitted jacket, about 22 inches in length over a straight skirt 15 inches from the waist, is HARDY AMIES' suggestion for the winter fashion scene. The jacket is usually high fronted with a small collar. It may be narrowly double-breasted or small tie of the V. material may be placed just under the bust between the centre buttons.

For three he uses tweeds and woollens with a broken surface such as herringbone or hopsack tweeds or a basket weave.

An interesting trend is seen in the back interest of two models. The jacket of one suit in purple wool has a wide V-shape panel created by folds of the material from the armholes meeting in the centre of the hip-hugging band to form the point of the V. A double-breasted suit in black wool has a broad box pleat which forms a soft back panel caught into the jacket edge.

Even CHARLES CREED has set aside his usual millinery in favour of the fashionable softer outline. His suits, though still retaining a certain classiness, have a more feminine appeal due in part to the novelty wools.



MICHAEL: Short wide-top jackets and shorter skirts in soft tweeds are shown, with wide hats to balance the silhouette. The effect is young and flattering and a definite swing away from classically cut and padded tailoring. LACHASSE: An interesting new outline is introduced by the "soft swing line" which has a long loose back caught in below the hips. It is seen on the new length jackets of suits with narrow skirts and also on topcoats or dresses where the lower part of the skirt falls slimly to the hem. BRADLEY: An Assoluto member of the London Fashion Designers shows heavy-blended Chinese lamb fashioned into a light travel coat with a puffed back, deep patch pockets and a wide belt. RUDOLF: One of several printed woollen jersey hats seen in the collections, which show either an upward or a sideways trend. This print is of muted autumn tints. RUDOLF: Persian lamb is again successfully used for accessories in the autumn collections of the London fashion designers. It makes many hats of which this beret fashioned after the shape of a bishop's mitre is an interesting example. The "ribbon" is in beige mode.

For instance he uses a new wool tulle in a stone beige for a three-piece ensemble of belted cardigan style suit with short topcoat lined with matching silk. A lace tweed and honeycomb tweed are also used and a fine wool blue and black flower print makes the over-blowse of a black worsted suit.

At this house the hemlines were noticeably longer—some where between midcalf and ankle.

Reviewing MATTIL's collection one visualises the type of woman he admires—very feminine, very elegant, though a little on the rounded side. These curves are seen throughout in dresses with softly rounded bodices and petticoat skirts, in suits with jackets cropped short

to above the hipbone, and coats gently curved round the silhouette from shoulder to hem. The materials he chooses are superbly suited to the line. For instance a soft gentian blue duvetyn makes the wrap coat over a dress in finer weight. A beige and brown flecked tweed makes the travel coat over a dress of soft beige wool with a fringed tie cut in one with the back and looped in front.

★ ★ ★

His suits, with slim, definitely shorter skirts have broadly curving shoulders. An exciting jewel box effect is created by a bulky dark wool topcoat with a curved shoulderline worn over a gleaming gold dress. The same effect is repeated in a suit of black ribbed wool which has a glittering blouse.

Owen Hyde Clarke at WORTH uses soft wools and heavy tweeds to create his "little line" for daytime. The bodies are smoothly fitting and the skirts have a petticoat effect achieved by drapery and cut rather than by canvas padding and petticoats.

Winter coats in novelty tweeds create a cocoon silhouette with sleeves set in with fullness giving width at the top which then tapers in to the hem line.

NORMAN HARTNELL presents an interesting collection of many different styles and lines. There are the classic ensembles such as a trimly tailored tweed suit and fur-lined topcoat aptly named "Safe Bet." But he shows also punched back jackets with extra sleeves either over a dress or as a three-piece. One of these in soft grey wool velours is completed by a jumper blouse in a flame and grey wool print matching the jacket lining.

He introduces an exciting new line in the type of suits with wide, be-kin, some models, bottle green lamp-collared dark green smooth three-piece ensemble and cocoa coloured lamb exactly matching the velvet cloth of the coat it trims.

ARE BRITISH FASHIONS TOO SUBTLE?

By Sarah Rothschild

LONDON fashion week is over. The "Top Eleven," faintly ruffled by an American invasion of fashion writers and "co-ordinators," are back to their discreetly tweedy norm.

Where are the buyers? They are in joyful flight across the Channel for the Paris Collections.

There, in the chic grey salons, dollars will flow as freely as champagne. Not that the American buyers weren't lavishly entertained in London. But the trickle of dollars was slow.

COFFERS CLOSED

Why is it that the American buyers won't buy British? They spend millions of lire in Italy, and up to 4,000 dollars for a Paris model, which they copy and sell all over America for a fraction of the original price.

But in England, where they could buy an original model for quarter the Paris price, the coffers of dollars are closed.

I got the answer from Mr. Sidney Glitler, veteran buyer for one of America's largest

chain stores. Mr. Glitler is unique among American buyers. He buys British.

"It takes a very subtle eye to appreciate English fashion," Mr. Glitler said. "American buyers always want something exciting or different."

Mr. Glitler patronises only two English couturiers, Hardy Amies and John Cavanagh. "Because," says Mr. Glitler, "they are original—entirely uninfluenced by Paris. As English as tea and scones."

One model which sold like hot scones in America last year was a black coat by Hardy Amies. "So smart but inconspicuous," sighed Mr. Glitler.

Another champion of English couture is Doreen Day. As buyer for a large New York word she has been seeing the London collections for the last 20 years.

Mr. Day had just been admiring some discreet tweeds at Michael's, through her elegant forerunner.

"The essence of English clothes," she said, "is that they are designed by gentlemen to be worn by ladies."

But the number of ladies who can afford \$100 for a dress is dwindling. And the Top Eleven

know it. Only a short time ago it was the Top Twelve. But Digby Morton, master of the tailored suit and one of the founders of the Incorporated Society of Fashion Designers, did not have a collection this year.

And what has happened to elegant Mr. Morton? Has he gone out of business? Certainly not. He finds that it is more lucrative designing chic shirts for American stenographers than refined tweeds for English dowagers.

NOT THE ONLY ONE

Morton is not alone in having seen this trend. Others of the Top Eleven have been diversifying their business.

Norman Hartnell designs lingerie and stockings. John Cavanagh designs fur. Hardy Amies and Creed have a Ready-to-Wear collection. So has Victor Stiebel.

London couture seems to be fast becoming a financial flop. What is the reason? Is it that the American buyers are too scrupulous to appreciate our discreet "fashionists"? Or is it that there is no place in the modern world for English high fashion—however ladylike?

—(London Express Service).

1957—YOUR LEAN YEAR?

Around about the end of December most of us began to show definite signs of schizophrania, sometimes known under its other name of New Year Resolutions.

Our personalities split in two and the angel half wrote a long list of the acts of discipline, self-denial and charity it would accomplish in the coming twelvemonth.

On January 1 we rose immediately the alarm rang, touched our toes, performed deep breathing exercises, drank our tea without sugar and actually smiled at our breakfast mates. And the hopes we entertained! "One month from now, by dint of doing without over-rich cakes, sugar and sweets, we shall have a figure like a fashion model!" Sandy and the Awful Truth returned circa Jan. 2. "Never," we said, compensating ourselves for the previous day's excessive and impossible strain by sampling a pile of buttered scones, "never shall we regain our girlish figures."

If that is the kind of fate which overtook your attempts at weight-reducing you should try PL's Fabian Slimming Method. The principle of the Fabian Slimming Method is as old as the hills of Rome itself—for it takes its name from Quintus Fabius, the general who subjected Hannibal to war on the "never-never" system. His do-it-gradually system reduced Hannibal's weight and they will do the same for you.

The strength of The Method lies in the fact that it treats you not as an angel but as a mortal woman.

It tells you not to wage pitched battles against your body's long-established cravings. Instead it says: Do gradually without the foods you know to be fastening. It also says: Enlist your natural allies: PL's lemon juice, for instance, taken in warm water daily before breakfast without sugar, and a little (equally regular) exercise to help you face life briskly.

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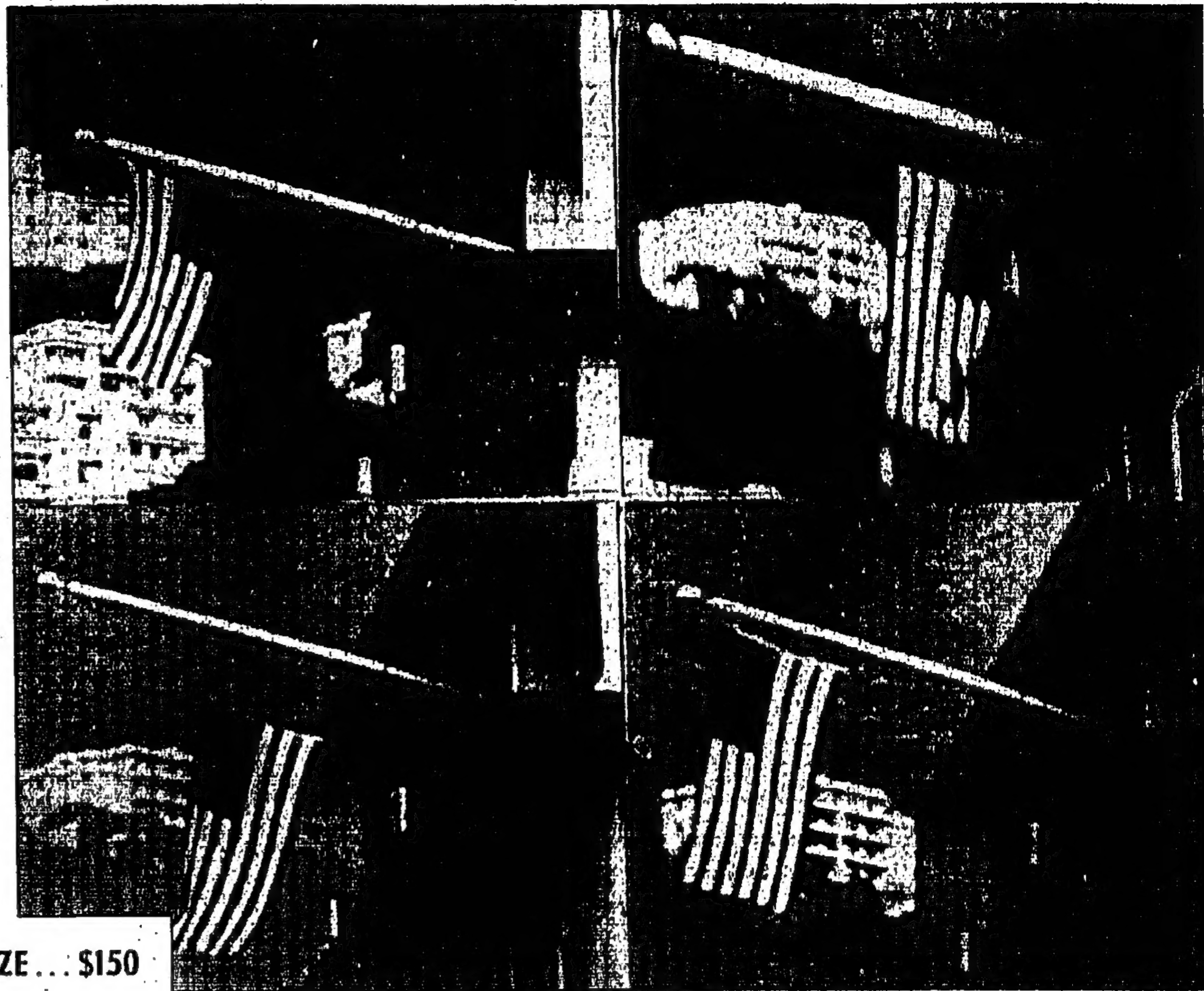
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FIRST PRIZE...\$150

goes to Mr C. C. Lau of Talkoo
for — left

"Answer the Call."

SECOND PRIZE...\$100

to Mr Franklin Liang of 11
Queen's Road, Wanchai, for
his picture above:

"Stars and Stripes."

Commended by the Judges

Mr C. F. Rodrigues' picture—

right:
"Salvage of the Leftovers."



Above, from left: J. R. Friedgen (Producer); Lolita Sek; Jack Kelly; Mrs Kelly (Mae Wynn); and Paul Heard (Director) of International Film's "Hongkong Affair". BELOW: Bash; Interference; Villain Escapes; Hero loses car. But when hero (Jack Kelly) turns round to find he's got Lolita instead—the picture has really begun. Staff Photographers



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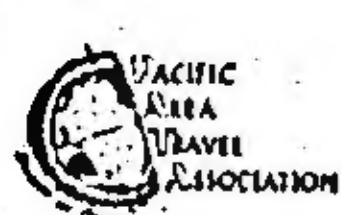
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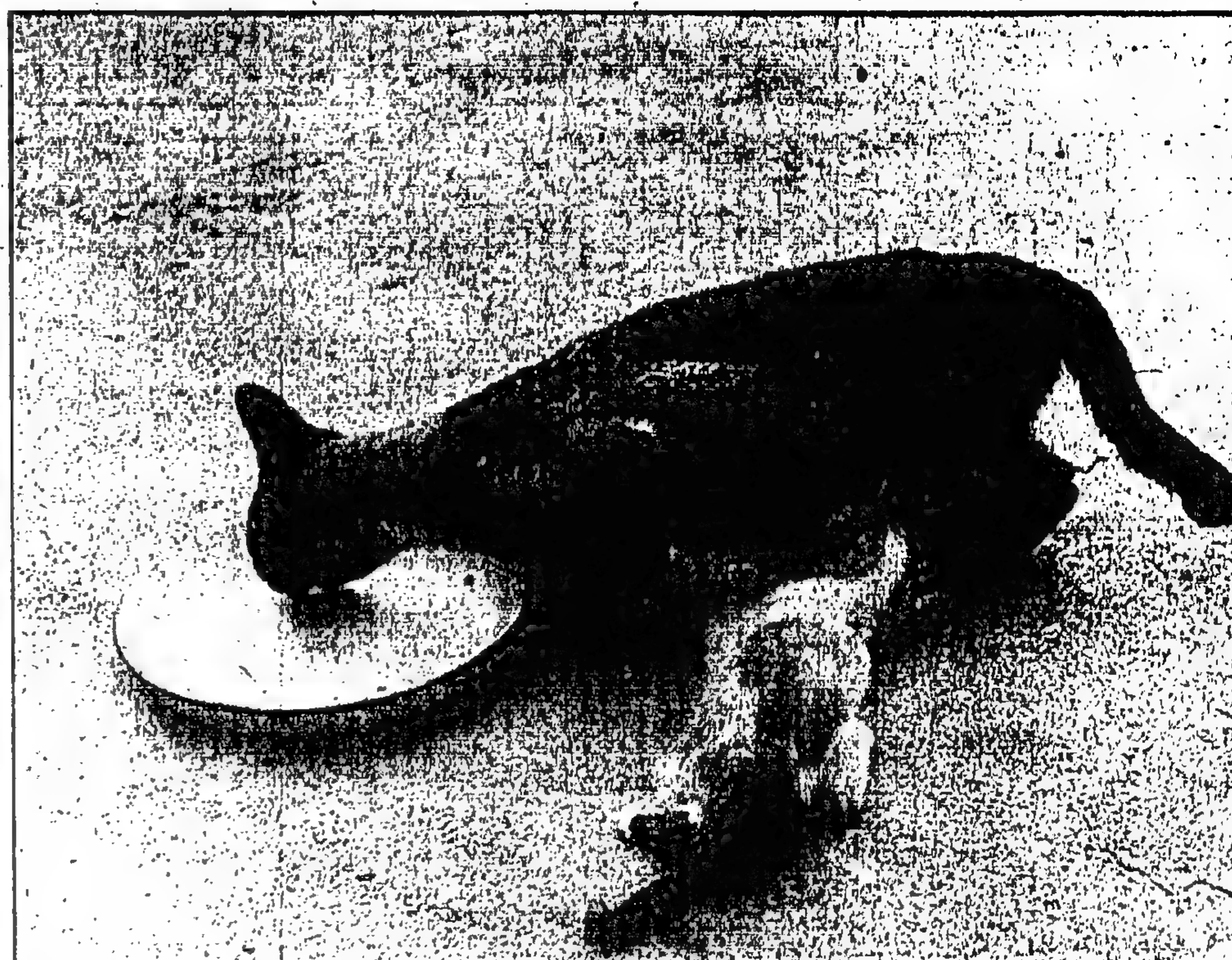
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Human and Animal Interest Section



FIRST PRIZE ... \$150

to Mr Kenneth Cotton of Forfar Road, Kowloon, for the cats above:

"The Milky Way."

SECOND PRIZE ... \$100

to Mr Ng Shui-shing of Shing Ping Street for his picture LEFT entitled

"Who I"

Commended by the Judges

Mr C. F. Rodrigues of Observatory Court for his picture RIGHT...

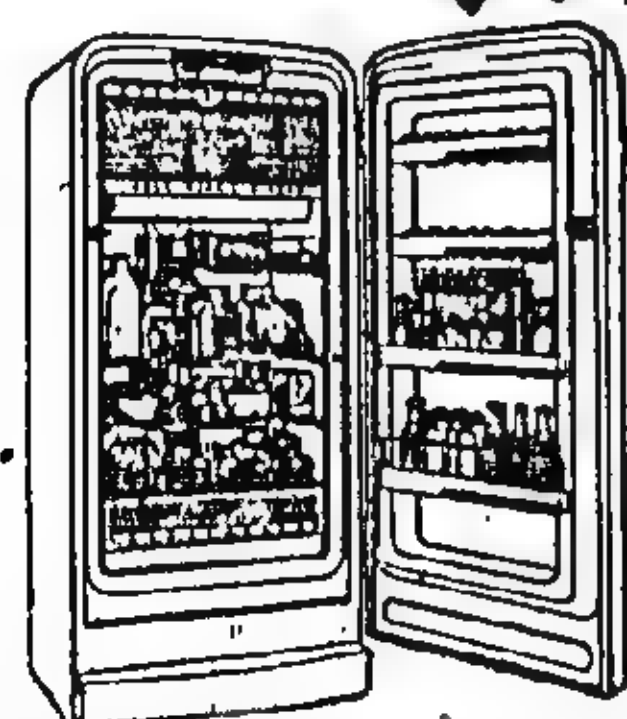
"Deep in their thoughts."

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS

did not come in with much Animal Interest last week. But what could be more "human" than LEFT children from Taipo come to look at the first model boat contest at Shatin... or more "interesting" than Miss Katharine Dunham (seated) and some of her dancers, snapped at a press conference.



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TEACHERS AT STANLEY

St Stephen's Boys' College took in 120 boarders of both sexes and 300 new day pupils this week for the teachers' annual Summer Training Conference. RIGHT: More than 500 attended the opening ceremony. ABOVE: Among them... Hongkong's Miss Queenie So and two friends from Nepal.

(Staff Photographer)



ENGLISH Lisle TEE SHIRT.

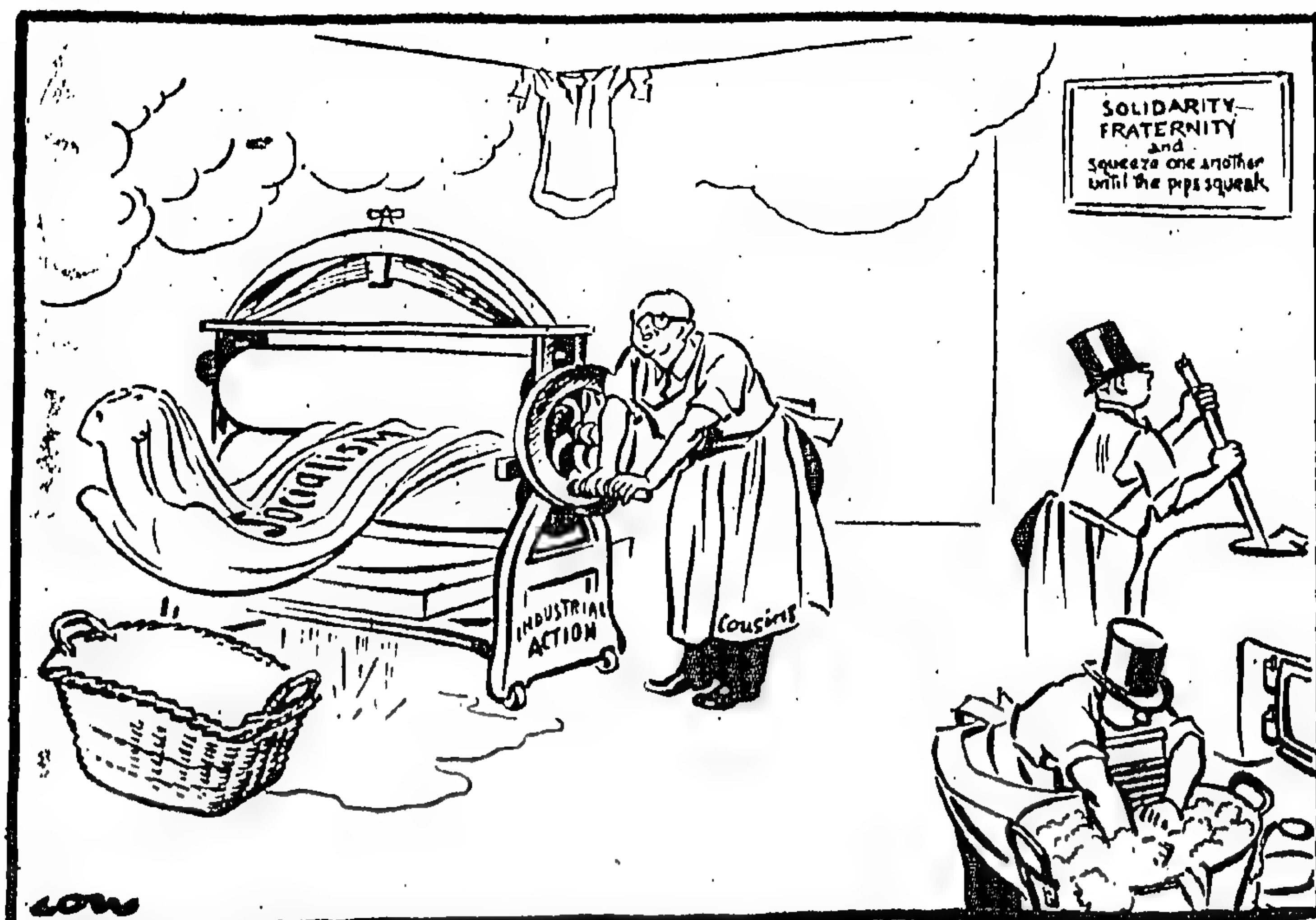
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PUT THROUGH THE MANGLE

The startling significance of the 26 ducks

SERIOUSLY...THEY'RE THE BIGGEST STEP YET TO LIFE FROM A TEST-TUBE

TWENTY-SIX white ducklings waddling about a laboratory near Paris are posing the question: "How far can the scientists go towards creating life and how far should they go?" The ducklings are an artificial breed never before seen on earth. French scientists Jacques Benoit and Pierre Leroy created them by injecting chemicals into the parent ducks which were of an entirely different type.

If a new breed can be created, so probably, can a new species, or even an entirely new kind of living creature. These developments are no more than the moulding of one form of life into another, but scientists have already gone a long way towards creating life itself from dead, inert chemicals.

So many advances have been made in this field, which millions of people insist belongs only to God, that an international conference on the Origin of Life, including possible means of creating it, is to be held in Moscow next month.

The Russians are expected to reveal details of startling experiments, but the U.S. work described there by Nobel Prize winner Professor Wendell Stanley is astonishing enough.

Professor Stanley will describe this experiment carried out in his superb virus laboratory at Berkeley, California, which, in essence, has created life.

Two clear solutions of sterile, inert chemicals were mixed. Within a few minutes they began to glow with an opalescent light. Examination under the high powered electron microscope showed that the two chemicals had combined to form organisms which were definitely alive.

These were not mere masses of jelly but were identifiable minute creatures with a rod-like shape and a complex internal

by **CHAPMAN PINCHER**

structure. They were, in fact, viruses—microscopic organisms of the type responsible for polio, influenza, and certain plant diseases.

The man-made organisms had the full capacity to feed and reproduce their kind.

The result was fantastic for this reason: scientists had always believed that to convert dead material into living matter some vital "life-force" would somehow have to be "breathed" into it, probably by means of complex electronic machinery.

Yet this simple experiment with two solid chemicals proved that no such injection of "life-force" is needed at all.

It means that certain chemicals automatically take on the properties of life if they are brought together under the right conditions.

Thus the gap between the mineral and animal worlds has

proved to be far narrower than anyone ever imagined.

The chemicals used in this experiment were admittedly not of the simple kind that can be bought at a chemist's counter. They were complex substances made from the bodies of dead viruses.

But the Moscow meeting will show that the complete building up of a living organism from chemicals entirely of a mineral nature is now almost possible.

Bombarding materials which you could buy at a chemist's with rays given off by an atomic machine has changed them into the complicated substances called "amino-acids." These are the basic building blocks of all animal tissues—blood, muscle, and nerve.

These building blocks have also been created by passing an electric spark through a mixture

of water-vapour, ammonia, and other simple gases.

Scientists who believe in evolution consider that this finding may explain how life was first created on the earth.

Lightning flashes, surging through the fumes which formed the atmosphere millions of years ago, might have produced "amino-acids" which then joined together to form living organisms.

Some scientists view the experiments with alarm because they can see grave material dangers in the creation of life or in any serious interference with its natural properties.

Nobody is ever likely to create a near-human organism on the Frankenstein model, but the French duck experiments could hold threats for the immediate future.

They show that it is possible to interfere with Nature to such an extent that the whole process of heredity can be permanently changed.

The French scientists, whose exciting findings are bound to be taken up by other workers throughout the world, are determined to try their injections on guinea-pigs, cat animals and—It is reported—on human beings.

This research could conceivably lead to a "1984" situation in which mental characteristics, as well as physical features, could be tailored to order.

That is why, in the opinion of some thinkers, the 26 little ducks sitting in the Paris laboratory could constitute a greater hazard to future generations than any radioactive fallout from H-bombs.

NEWS FROM BRITAIN

by **Les Armour**

There is a bit of a row over the British government's handling of press relations in the little war of Muscat and Oman. Even the ultra-cautious "The Times" has come to the conclusion that some of the information offered was a little odd and some not issued was odder still.

But one thing at least is reasonably clear: "The Oman dispute has brought us out into cleaner, clearer political air. No one has said that the Sultan of Muscat is a 'great democrat', a 'bulwark of the free world' or even 'an implacable enemy of international Communism'.

I have no doubt, at all, that he is the last; but that is not the reason for sending the R.A.F. to help him out of a spot.

The reason adduced was a perfectly straightforward one. More than a century and a half ago, the British government entered into a treaty with the Sultanate. That treaty gave Britain certain rights and to the Sultan protection.

The Sultans have lived up to their part of the bargain and the present Sultan has asked the British to honour theirs.

If the Sultan had been behaving reprehensibly to an extreme degree and if the Imam of Oman were the leader of a popular movement designed to right gross wrongs it is possible that there might be some case for a re-examination of the treaty.

But, even if it could be argued that the rebellious Imam were no worse than the Sultan, it could hardly be argued that he was any better. He draws his strength—and his cause—from Saudi Arabia, a place not noted for its high ideals.

Worse, it seems that the Sultan owes his present trouble, in part at least, to his connection with Britain. The Saudi Arabians seem bent—for reasons connected with oil potential—on making life difficult for Britain.

Under the circumstances it seems hard to doubt that the Sultan has a case and richly deserved his supply of rocket bombers.

That, at least, is the conclusion that nearly every interested and articulate body in Britain has come to.

It looks as though Mr Dulles, who dropped into the Foreign Office last week for a word about Oman, must have had a hard time on behalf of his Saudi Arabian ally.

Hollow Laugh

There was laughter in the tube trains the other night when the evening papers announced that two Vickers Viscounts were being sold to Colonel Nasser—and were to be paid for with funds drawn from Suez Canal dues.

The first public reaction seems to have been that it was an enormous joke. Perhaps a hoax that would be properly straightened out in time for the morning papers.

It is, however, true. The case put privately by the experts is that, other things being equal, the more British equipment a man like Nasser has the better. The more he uses British equipment the more he is dependent on British skill and parts.

Anyhow, in the race for commercial supremacy in the air, British aircraft-makers cannot afford to lose the opportunity to cash in anywhere.

The rejoinder is that the public impression made by deals like this is that the British are, after all, just a nation of shopkeepers who will turn a quick pound anywhere, any time no matter how much they have been provoked.

As Parliament prepared to rise for the summer recess, it seemed as though the Government were about to correct the impression and refuse the necessary export permits.

Restoration

In Kew Gardens there used to be a sign reading "The Queen hopes the public will treat these beautiful grounds with respect". It was dated Buckingham Palace, 1897, a year, apparently, before officialdom had decided that signs like "Keep Off the Grass" and "Penalty £5" were more appropriate to a democratic country.

Not long ago it disappeared and a Mr A. H. Burne complained.

The Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food replied that the sign had been temporarily removed for repainting "in the original style".

Mr Burne's reply deserves to be recorded: "The re-newing has been carried out with such remarkable skill that even experts in woodwork and paint might be excused for supposing that the old sign, untouched, had been quietly replaced. The Ministry is indeed to be congratulated on its technicians in this field."

"MR WILLIAMSON" FINDS CHARITY IN THE CHURCH

By **John Clarke**

ON the lawns of Girton College, Cambridge, girls in brief shorts, up for the "long vac. term," were playing tennis. In the halls and corridors of the chaste, red-brick Gothic buildings, groups of grey-haired clergymen talked. They were members of the Modern Churchmen's Union, meeting in conference.

And among the things they discussed between themselves was one that might at some time be of the greatest importance to the tennis girls—the Church of England's attitude to divorce. "An attitude which has sometimes had absolutely disastrous results," as one Modern Churchman, a clergyman, said.

The Union, whose 1,000 members include seven bishops, holds a liberal view on divorce. A more charitable view than that generally met with among churchmen. Some would say a more enlightened view.

It was at their conference, I years to rebuild something out of the wreckage. But all the

time his wife begged him to release her so that she might marry someone else. For three years she refused to come near him. Then Williamson went to the solicitors. They advised divorce.

Parsons have been given and have taken such advice before. Then they have turned to study advertisements for other kinds of jobs. Especially those who thought of marrying again. As Williamson did.

Williamson was lucky.

A Vein

He practised no deceit but those who had his future in their hands declined to know anything "officially" about the affair. He had struck a vein of clarity in the church.

"In the course of his ministry," said a parson friend of Williamson, "he had met a woman who was willing to help him start again."

"He married her in a registry office, and asked me if I would

give them a service of blessing with a modified marriage vow. Of course I did. Theologically and ecclesiastically, my comment is this. It is simply a modern illustration of Christ's words: 'Neither do I condemn thee, go thou and sin no more.'

"That's the comment I always make when church people talk about this question," said Williamson's friend. "They concentrate on teaching monogamy, but do not recognise any teaching of forgiveness for failure."

"Another clergyman friend has told me, quite recently, how he stood sweating and trembling for 10 minutes after refusing a service of blessing to a couple married in a registry office. 'Because I know that what I did was evil,' he said."

What of Williamson? "He is an incumbent in a country parish," said his parson friend. "He is a most helpful and understanding minister."

And his second marriage has prospered as surely as his first failed.

(London Express Service).

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THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR CELEBRATES ITS 40TH ANNIVERSARY

'I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'M AN ALIEN'

—SAID KING GEORGE V

by PATRICK MONTAGUE-SMITH
Assistant Editor of Debut.

THE House of Windsor celebrated its fortieth birthday. On July 17, 1917, King George V, by Royal Proclamation, declared that his house and family should henceforth bear that name. What was the reason for the change?

It all started with the Russian Revolution. After the fall of the Tsar, left-wing intellectuals started a malleous, whispering campaign that the King and the Royal Family must be pro-Germans since they had German-sounding names.

H. G. Wells wrote to The Times that the time had come to rid ourselves of "the ancient trappings of throne and sceptre," and on another occasion referred to the sad spectacle of England struggling through adversity under "an alien and uninspiring Court." "I may be uninspiring," remarked the incensed King to a friend, "but I'll be damned if I'm alien."

Royal surname

He consulted his Private Secretary, Lord Stamfordham, as to what the Royal surname really was. No one had given the matter any thought since the death of Queen Victoria, and even her name had been the subject of much argument.

Lord Stamfordham consulted Mr. Furnham Burke of the College of Arms, but he could not be positive. He doubted if it was Guelph, but surmised that it might be Wettin or Wipperf. How he arrived at the latter, one is at a loss to understand. The King wisely decided that it was time that an undisputed and British Royal surname and House name should be adopted. After all, his direct ancestors had been reigning here for 200 years, and it is difficult to imagine anyone more British than George V.

Then Lord Stamfordham, the King's private secretary, thought, why not Windsor? The Castle had been the seat of our Monarchy since the days of the Conqueror. Edward III, born within its walls, was known as "Edward of Windsor." It seemed to fit the Royal Family like a glove. The suggestion was immediately welcomed by the King and approved by the Privy Council.

Lord Rosebery wrote to Lord Stamfordham: "Do you realise that you have christened a dynasty?"

Inevitably the question is asked, what was the Royal surname previously? The answer is simple. Since the departure of the Stuarts they did not possess one. Both the House of Hanover and the House of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (to which Edward VII and George V belonged), had achieved ruling status on the Continent long before surnames came into vogue, and so had no need to accept them.

Though Queen Victoria's family was popularly supposed to have been Guelph, a former Chaucerian King of Arms dismissed this as absurd. The correct one could get to a surname would have been d'Este. The family originally ruled over a small territory of Este in Lombardy and this was the name given to the offspring of Queen Victoria's uncle, the Duke of Sussex, by his secret marriage.

The Prince Consort could trace back to one Thierry of Alsace, a Thuringian noble living in 1150. For a few generations centuries ago his descendants were Counts of Wettin, a small town on the banks of the Saale in Saxony, but this hardly constitutes a surname, though it is sometimes erroneously put forward as the predecessor of Windsor.

Popular move

Similarly, until Prince Philip accepted his mother's surname of Mountbatten, he possessed no surname. He belonged to the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, which, in turn, was a branch of the House of Oldenburg, whose origin was in Friesland. George V could not have foreseen in 1917 that the

Crown would pass into the female line with his granddaughter. It was a popular move of the Queen when, soon after her accession, she announced that she would not be the last of the well-loved House of Windsor, but that her children would continue in that House and name.

Though no parallel exists in our history of a surname and House name being retained through the female line, this had been done by the Romanovs and Habsburgs, and more recently in Holland, where Queen Juliana has continued the nomenclature of her mother's House of Orange.

—(London Express Service).

RECORD ROUND

How to become an overnight discovery (IN TEN YEARS)

by RAMSDEN GREIG

THE second-hand car salesman's line had been: "Gentlemen, some of the most aristocratic people in Europe have graced these fine upholstered seats—and the car's yours for four hundred quid."

Michael King said it was a deal, and the three King Brothers took possession of a shooting brake that had originally been custom-built for use by the late King George VI's Sandringham guests.

Today it transports this singing, swinging ensemble

from music-hall to music-hall, from recording studio to recording studio.

It was put at any disposal this week when I went to Southsea to see its owners, currently employed in a theatre obligingly called the King's.

(as opposed to agitated) rock 'n' roller called Rockin' Shoes. Wisely, they have backed this one with a more subdued piece called In the Middle of an Island.

"Mums must have something to listen to as well," says 20-year-old Tony.

After a busy week in the music-halls, the TV studios and the recording studios the King Brothers can take home to their own mother a £200 pay packet. It is Mother King who looks after her sons' finances.

An allowance

Denis says: "She fools the bills, pays our agents his ten per cent and gives each of us a weekly spending allowance. Tony being two years older than I am, gets a little more than I do."

"Mike gets the biggest allowance because he does the entertaining and also has a girl to take out," says Tony, referring to film actress Janette Scott.

One grey cloud threatens the progress of the King Brothers. Denis King is due to be called up for National Service. (His brothers were turned down on medical grounds.)

"If Denis goes the act breaks up," says Michael King. "Little brother's piano-playing is the hard core of the combination."

Tony King adds wryly: "The only consolation would be a decided improvement in Nani piano-playing."

I'VE HEARD

A big girl with a voice to match, Lenny Evergood, puts 12 blues, ballads and pop songs on Introducing Lenny Evergood (Vogue Coral 33). I am pleased to meet her. Among her offerings here: Summer Time, St. Louis Blues, Tenderly, and a jazz version of I Can't Give You Anything But Love.

Bill Haley's latest contribution to rock 'n' roll is You Mix With Me (Mercury 78). To this reviewer's ear his Haley frequently does.

One for the jazz connoisseurs' collection is Jack Teagarden — Jazz Great (London 33). Ten

Jabbing my neck from the back seats was a double bass. An empty beer bottle rolled about the floor.

I thought: "Sandringham was never like this."

I went to Southsea to discover how to become (as the King Brothers' publicity man had put it) a "sensational overnight discovery."

I have to report that in the case in question it took 10 years to become a sensational overnight discovery.

Big Brother Michael King (22), said: "It's been hard mugging all the way — from school hall concerts — to the London Palladium."

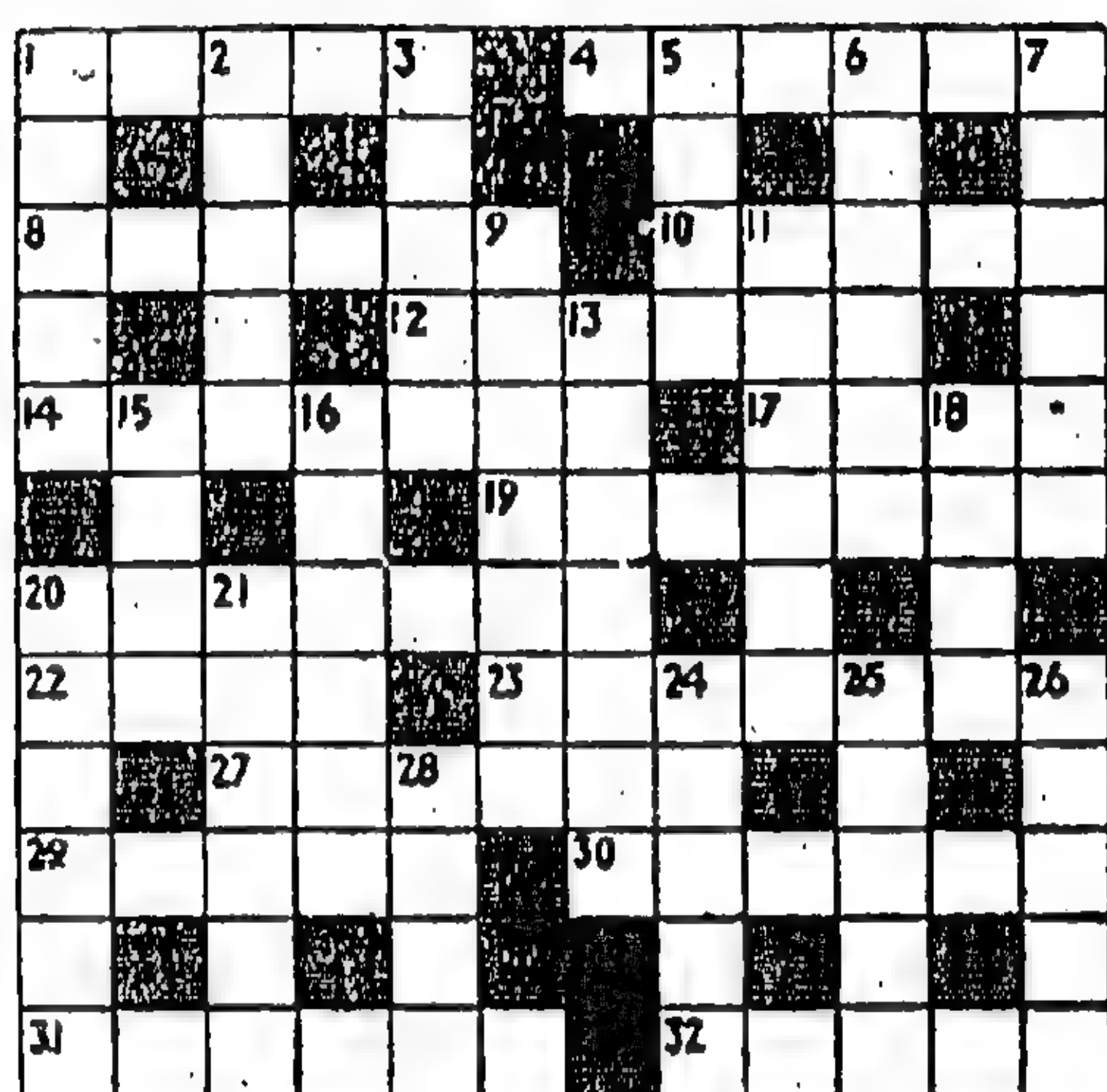
Only six

Denis (18) said: "I was only six years old when I played Bell Bottom Trousers at a children's Saturday morning cinema matinee. If I'm a sensational overnight discovery then it's been a long night."

Among the many irritations that beset ambitious youth, the King Brothers encountered a pipkin when they started making gramophone records. Their first record was made for a new company that could not get the major dealers overloaded at the time with new labels, to stock their records.

Now under new management, they have cut their third disc for Parlophone. It is a lively

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- 1 Love one's head (5).
 - 4 Often high thoroughfare (5).
 - 8 For Oriental worshippers (6).
 - 10 Village (5).
 - 12 Clever (6).
 - 14 Player to hold back? (7).
 - 17 Flower girl (4).
 - 19 Made a change (7).
 - 20 Down (7).
 - 22 Not in favour (4).
 - 24 Of a mix-up (5).
 - 26 Measurings run it (6).
 - 31 Don't do it! (8).
 - 32 Model question! (5).
- DOWN**
- 1 Tom was his son (5).
 - 3 Butler of Abyssinia (5).
 - 5 Jackson tree? (5).
 - 7 Threesome (4).
 - 9 Newspaper chief (6).
 - 11 In the peacocks (6).
 - 13 Here's a loan, get moving! (7).
 - 15 Give instructions (6).
 - 16 Liberation (7).
 - 18 Having a good surface (4).
 - 21 Quite complete (10).
 - 23 Withered (4).
 - 25 King back by a bank (6).
 - 27 King's seat (6).
 - 29 Bled tightly (5).
 - 30 In front of the roof (5).
 - 32 "and Man" is a bishopric (6).
 - 33 Scarlet and Co. (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 of fence, 8 Hoar, 9 Turnover, 11 Chancellor, 12 Aut, 15 Admire, 19 Lichens, 19 Arm, 21 Chapter, 23 Commence, 26 Mrs., 27 Autumny Down, 1 Cite, 2 Ra-in, 4 Paul, 5 Fort, 6 Cattle, 7 Spiral, 9 Total, 10 Hello, 12 Order, 14 Opens, 16 Time, 17 Cease, 19 Acorn, 20 Admit, 21 Clean, 22 Atom, 23 Ilex, 24 Exes.

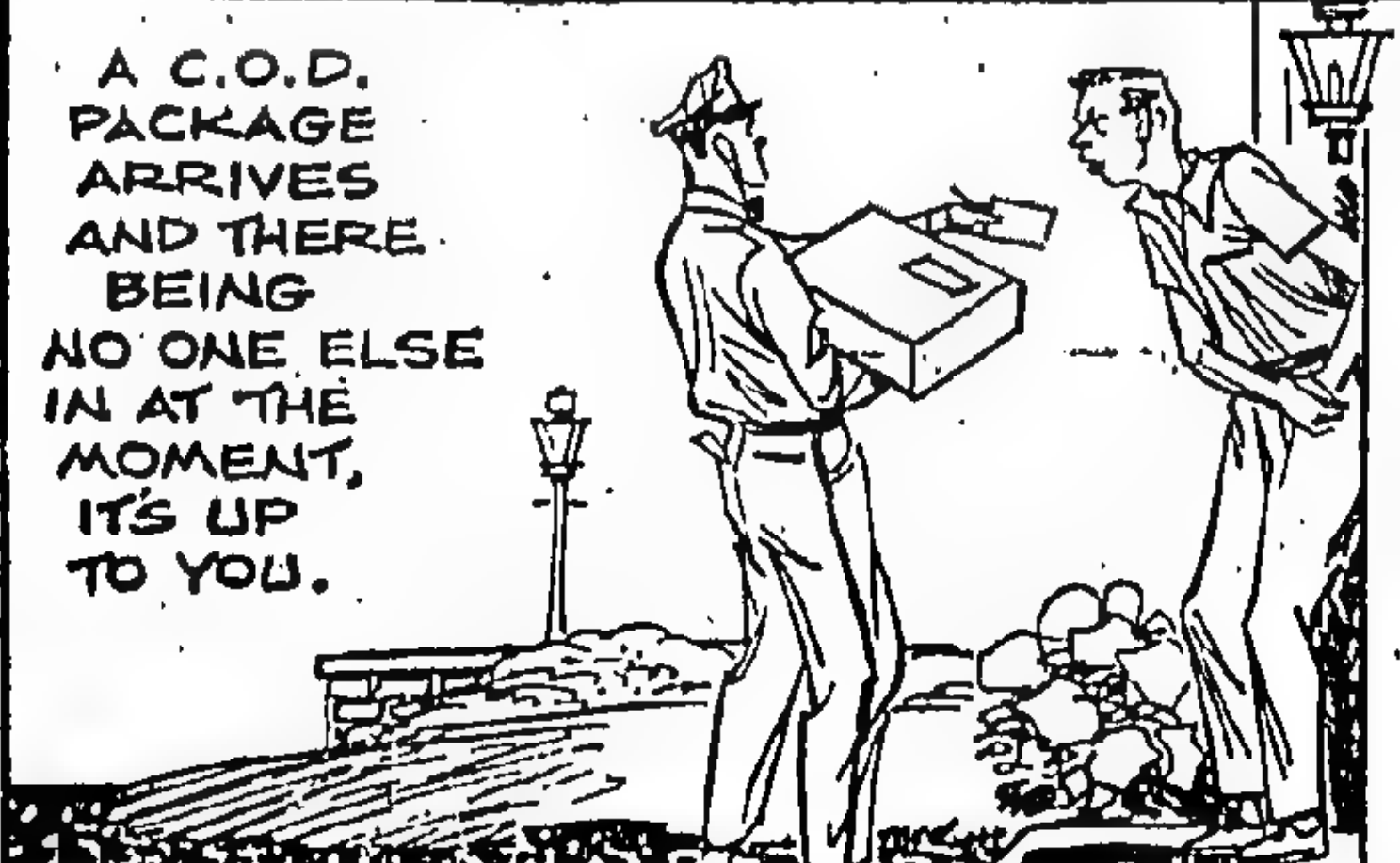
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Visiting With Relatives

By Harry Weinert



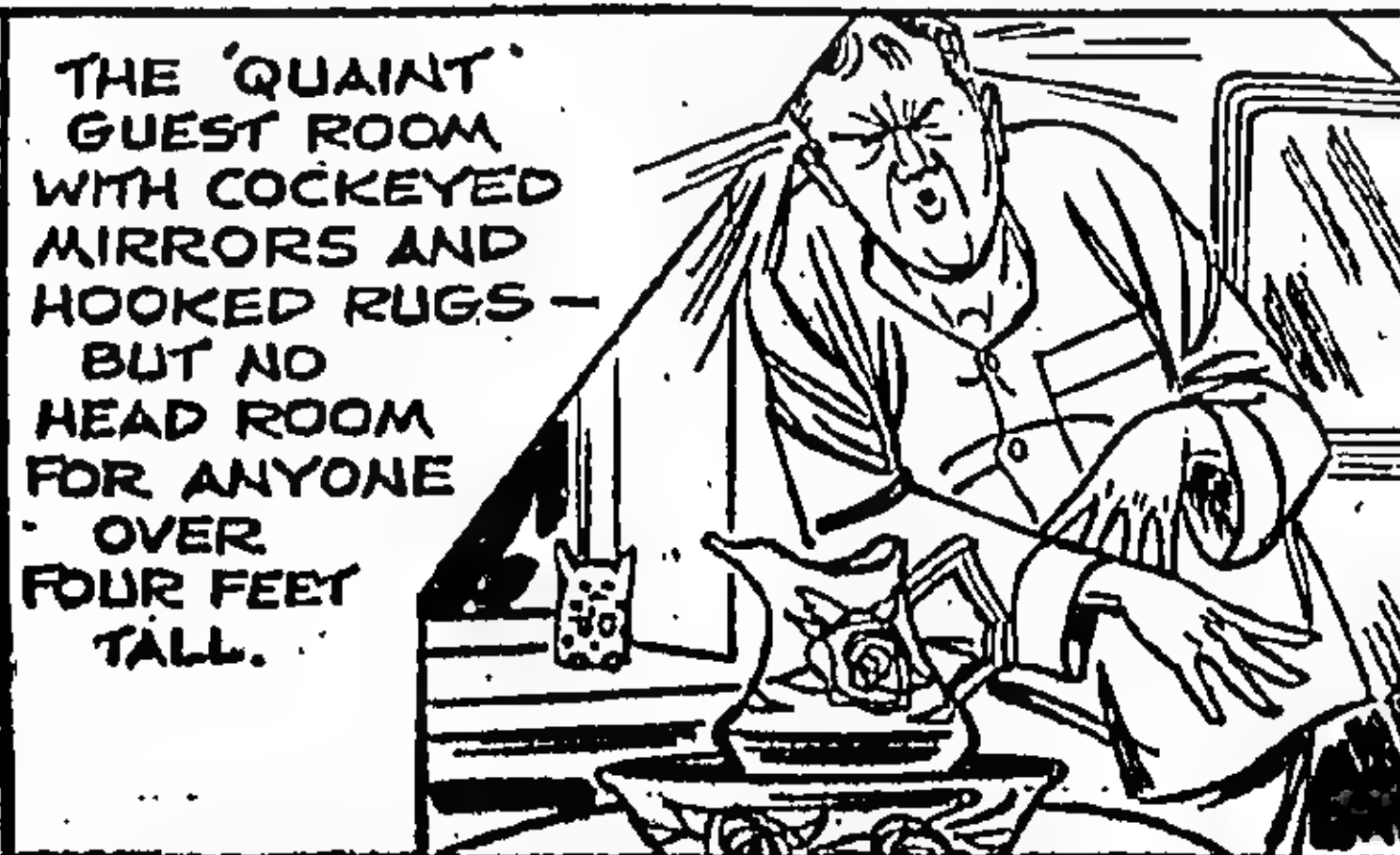
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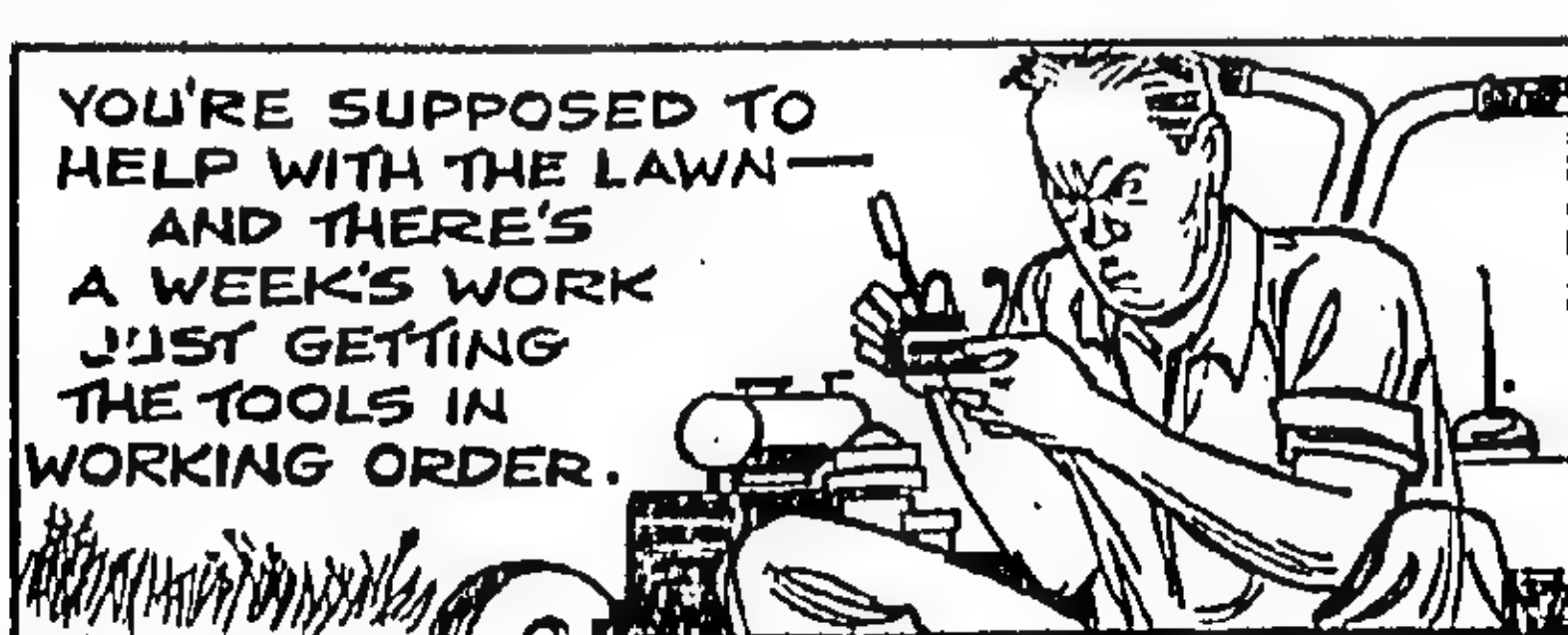
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The Near And The Far In The World Of Sport

THIS IS A LESSON WE CAN LEARN FROM THE JAPANESE

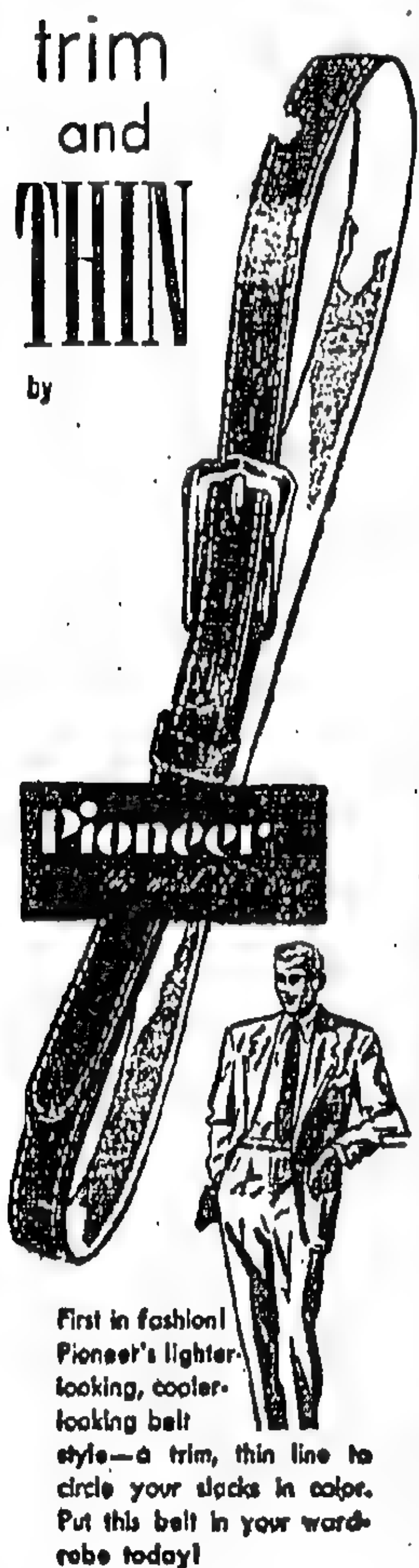
Impossible Not To Feel The Impact Of Sport On The Population

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Since writing my article last week-end I have had the pleasure of spending a few days in Tokyo. It is always dangerous to pretend that a brief visit to any country is a basis for commenting on what takes place there... but such a circumstance certainly does not preclude one from forming simple impressions and in fair and healthy context these can be interesting even if they are far from conclusive.

Today it is quite impossible to visit Japan and not feel the impact which sport exercises on the population. The sporting tentacles reach the films, television, radio and newspapers and hold the public in a firm grip; but very much more important is the grip which they so obviously exert on the susceptible youth of the country.

At an hour when most youngsters are still asleep in the quiet streets of Tokyo on any way to the airport, and on every available plot of land there were holed-out groups of youngsters eagerly engaged in noisy sporting activities.



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At the moment baseball holds Japan's vast sporting community nearly but firmly in the palm of its hand. In the burning heat of a Tokyo afternoon 'pitchers' and 'catchers' are to be seen in action in the side streets, in the back lanes... and in the few vacant spaces which have so far escaped the attention of Tokyo's all-consuming building programme.

It is indeed a healthy sign, but it would be very wrong to leave the impression that baseball has developed to the complete neglect of other sports. Nothing could be further from the truth and, apart from the traditional national activities, many so-called Western sports—how terribly wrong that term is today—are played with ever increasing enthusiasm.

Hongkong sportsmen already have good cause to remember the prowess of the Japanese exponents of swimming, rugby, tennis, shooting, table tennis, badminton, athletics, and, of course, fencing. In addition professional boxing, wrestling and soccer also enjoy considerable popularity in their season.

NEVER STRONGER

I had an opportunity to discuss some aspects of sport in Japan with a famous sportsman who has had a long experience in the world of sport. He told me that the country's sporting pulse has never been stronger and that today young sportsmen and sportswomen were displaying a tremendous enthusiasm for participation rather than indulging in sideline admiration of the star performers.

"I believe Japan's sporting future is brighter than ever before," he said, "and I believe it is due almost entirely to the fact that our up-and-coming exponents are prepared to make many personal sacrifices to achieve their success."

"They are patient and thorough by nature and they carry this into their training with the result that while they may be disappointed in defeat they do not allow it to sway them from their desire to do better next time."

These comments, coming from a seasoned veteran who has watched many changes taking place in his country, were, to me, most significant. From his window he showed me groups of youngsters working off their youthful energy with bats and balls and gloves; he pointed out a shed where a couple of makeshift tables were providing for several future sponge-bath experts who, although barely reached above the table top, were playing with the premature confidence that, almost inevitably, percolates through a community where world champions are kith and kin.

COMPARE THE ATTITUDE Japan is a big nation and it is unfair to compare its facilities with those we can provide here in Hongkong... but I cannot believe it is unfair to get the average attitude of our sportsmen against that shown by their opposite numbers not so far away... and I cannot do better than repeat a remark made to me by this Japanese physical culturist. He said "Success comes only to those who are prepared to work for it."

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Sir Len Hutton was the first professional to lead an MCC team on an overseas tour. When and where was the tour?
2. Which opening pair of batsmen were known as "The Old Firm"?
3. How many players normally make up a team in: Polo; Water Polo; Ice-hockey; Baseball?
4. Mr. Walker Smith is a world famous boxer. What is his well-known professional name?
5. What nationality are these tennis stars—Nicola Pietrangeli; Kurt Nielsen; Mike Davies; Herbie Flam?
6. With what sporting event do you associate Phelidpides?
7. May a hockey player—(a) hit the ball with either side of his stick; (b) stop the ball with his hand; (c) kick the ball outside the circle.
8. Where will the British Empire Games be held next year?
9. Which sporting pair are not twins—Alice and Eric Redburn; Denis and Leslie Clapton; Rosalind and Diane Rowe?
10. Who is the youngest person to have won the heavy-weight championship of the world?

(Answers See Page 17)

to better them unless they submit themselves to the care of an expert who can coax a little bit extra out of their natural ability. It's that little bit extra which nowadays is the difference between a champion and one who gets no higher than the lower steps of the ladder."

PERSONAL SACRIFICES

When I asked how much this characteristic was revealed in the present generation of Japanese sportsmen and sportswomen, I got this reply: "I am satisfied that today our young men and women are more conscious than were their predecessors of their responsibilities and their potentialities... and they are willing not to work hard, but also to make considerable personal sacrifices to prepare themselves for the hard climb to the top of the tree."

World standards are going up and up in many individual sporting spheres but, even in the more field team games where it is more difficult to measure progress, competition is getting keener and keener for those who wish to join in.

Hongkong has a wealth of potential talent. Many of the youngsters, however, have shown a strange reluctance to profit from expert guidance, or even to submit to expert coaching in spite of the fact that we have several gentlemen in our community who are capable of guiding them along the path that leads to real international status. Such a negative attitude produces only deep disappointment in this modern world.

If we are to receive universal recognition and be regarded as a genuine threat to the big names of our time, the youngsters must try to forget the vain pride and shallow adoration that come from early parochial success.

They must regard each achievement as being merely a stepping stone to the next one... and above all they must be prepared to submit themselves unconditionally to the care of an experienced expert who can polish their rough edges and who, by employing the near magic of modern coaching methods, can add speed, accuracy, or power to their potential performances. This is true no matter in which field of sport their interests lie... and they would do well to contemplate the example—the exemplary example—being set by their near neighbours in Japan.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Wilfred Rhodes

By ARCHIE QUICK

Two keen-faced, grey-headed men sat side by side at the recent Leeds Test Match watching England play the West Indies. Forty-six years ago they were opening the innings in record style for the mother country in far-away Australia, although one of them had been previously considered essentially a bowler. One was Sir Jack Hobbs—reporting the Leeds match with deep interest and interest by last winter's South African run. The other, white-faced, drawn, sat with unseeing eyes, for Wilfred Rhodes is blind.

Possibly he was the greatest all-rounder, although the title could be contested by brother Tyke George Hirst, Frank Woolley and Walter Hammond. But Rhodes' Test career against Australia extended from 1899 to 1946, and by sheer merit he rose in the batting order from No. 11 to opener.

His first Test was at Lord's against J.P. Darling's team, and that series provided him with just eighteen runs in four innings, and thirteen wickets at a cost of 26 runs each. But in 1911 we find him striding out with Hobbs at Melbourne, Adelaide and Sydney and making a series of fine scores.

RESURRECTED

Then, in England's hour of need, he was resurrected for the final Test at the Oval in 1924 at the age of forty-four, against Herbert Collins' great side, and Rhodes won the match by 211 runs and with it the "rubber". Rhodes got six wickets and 42 runs.

In his career Rhodes scored 40,000 runs and took 4,000 wickets. He is the only man ever to complete the cricket's "double": sixteen times; he captured 200 wickets in a season three times; 100 wickets twenty-three times; and 1,000 runs scored 58 centuries; once fifteen Australian wickets in a match (at Melbourne); and in Test matches aggregated 2,400 runs and 127 wickets.

Figures like these are never likely to be equalled, for the day of the all-rounder is almost over. Trevor Bailey could be the last of the great ones.

But more of Rhodes. This great bowler also—indeed—holds the record for the first wicket Test stand against Australia—323 with Hobbs at Melbourne, again in 1911, and the last wicket record partnership against the "Old Enemy"—130 with R. E. Foster at Sydney in 1903-4, the year he took his 10 wickets, remember. Notice that he moved up from last place in the batting order in eight years and the records still stand after all this time.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Water-Polo
Knock-out Competition: SCAA v Navy (Navy pool 5.30 p.m.)

TOMORROW

Lawn Bowls
1st Division: KCC v KBCG, IRC v IRC, TC v CCG, KCC v IRC, GCG
2nd Division: PRC v USRC, KCC v IRC, KBCG v CCG, KCC v IRC, GCG
3rd Division: KBCG v IRC, KCC v IRC, KBCG v CCG, KCC v IRC, GCG
4th Division: KBCG v IRC, KCC v IRC, KBCG v CCG, KCC v IRC, GCG
5th Division: KBCG v IRC, KCC v IRC, KBCG v CCG, KCC v IRC, GCG
6th Division: KBCG v IRC, KCC v IRC, KBCG v CCG, KCC v IRC, GCG
7th Division: KBCG v IRC, KCC v IRC, KBCG v CCG, KCC v IRC, GCG
8th Division: KBCG v IRC, KCC v IRC, KBCG v CCG, KCC v IRC, GCG
9th Division: KBCG v IRC, KCC v IRC, KBCG v CCG, KCC v IRC, GCG
10th Division: KBCG v IRC, KCC v IRC, KBCG v CCG, KCC v IRC, GCG

Shooting
Final round of snailshoot at HK Gun Club, 4 p.m.

The Challenge Of The Channel

By JOHN COTTRELL

Early one August morning a young sea-captain donned a bright red bathing costume, covered himself with porpoise fat, plunged into the sea at Dover, and struck out with powerful breast-stroke for the French coast some 21 miles away.

Nearly 22 hours later he crawled out of the water and collapsed on the Calais beach. Captain Matthew Webb had become the first man to swim the English Channel.

That was 82 years ago. This August, 26 swimmers—seven of them women—were to make an assault on that challenging strip of water.

The swimmers, hailing from 15 countries, will be given a send-off at Cap Gris Nez by thousands of Frenchmen, and accompanied by 30 sailing vessels, speed boats, helicopters and a radar-equipped control ship.

£1,900 IN PRIZES

It will be no casual effort like Webb's but a scientifically planned operation. It is the annual International Cross-Channel Swimming Race and £1,900 in prize money is at stake.

Tides and weather conditions will be studied. Special mid-water meals, ranging from chicken and brandy to lentils and energy pills, will be laid on.

Channel swimming has become a big business. Since 1875 about one hundred swimmers have made the crossing. Many more have tried and failed.

This year there has been a record number of more than a hundred applications for the Channel race; only 26 could be accepted.

As the organisers explain: "It would not be safe to have any more. The field spreads out over 20 miles and even with twenty swimmers we have lost people in the Channel for two or three hours."

Everyone wants to swim the Channel nowadays—whether in a race or individually. From all over the world they come to take up the challenge and face fog, severe sea-sickness, cramp, and encounters with shoals of stinging starfish and jellyfish.

Why do they do it? For many swimmers it is a profitable recreation. Some countries shower national honours on successful Channel swimmers. Americans are amply rewarded by advertising firms; and members of one victorious Egyptian team had houses built for them by their government.

COSTS £300

But others seek only the brief glory and the coveted certificate issued by the Channel Swimming Association. These enthusiastic amateurs have to pay about £300 for the pleasure of flapping their bodies through 21 miles of wearisome waters.

Hiring an escort boat takes up £50. Then there is the cost of a boat for training swims, sundry equipment, and hotel bills. Weather delays can double the expense.

What is the special attraction of the English Channel? One answer has been provided by Britain's National Institute for Medical Research. After a three-year study of Channel swimming they have concluded that it is "possibly the greatest feat of endurance in the world of sport."

Remember: it takes anything from 11 to 30 hours to swim the Channel. And yet swimmers are in the Channel for more than six hours. They are killed by the cold.

The summer temperature of the sea is usually around 60 degrees Fahrenheit. And although the Channel swimmer covers himself with about 5 lb. of grease, this provides a very little protection from the cold.

THE FAT THAT COUNTS

It is the swimmer's subcutaneous fat—the fat under the skin—that really counts. This gives increased insulation from the cold outside and a decreased rate of heat loss from within.

Once a group of Channel swimmers and factory workers were examined together by doctors. It was found that the



Miss Florence Chadwick of the United States, who, in 1951, became the first woman to swim from England to France and the first woman to have conquered the Channel in both directions. She has swum the more difficult course—from England to France—on three occasions. No other man or woman has equalled this feat.—London Express Photo.

thickness of subcutaneous fat on the swimmers was twice that of the factory hands.

This extra fat is achieved by many months of special training and dieting (plenty of cod liver oil, carbohydrates and meat). Much of it is lost during the swim.

In 1826 Lord Freyberg, a former Governor-General of New Zealand, tried to swim the Channel. He lost 14 lb. during his 18 hours in the sea.

Lord Freyberg failed to make the crossing by only 200 yards. He was not beaten by the cold. He just fell asleep.

This often happens to Channel swimmers. But in Lord Freyberg's case, the sleep was partly induced by a stiff brandy—a premature celebration drink provided by his wife.

Cold, sleep, cramp, exhaustion—these are just a few of the hazards of the cruel sea between England and France.

One man—Dr. George Browster of London—was even blasted out of the water by artillery fire. He had got mixed up in a gunnery practice off Dover and had to race to his boat with shells falling all about him.

FAILED 17 TIMES

The unfortunate Dr. Browster never did quite complete a Channel crossing. And he gallantly made 17 attempts, his last at the age of 64.

Dr. Browster's life ambition has been to swim the Channel. But many swimmers want more than that; they are more interested in breaking records.

For this reason, the Channel Swimming Association was formed as an independent body to observe, attempt, and make exact timings. Its work has proved very necessary.

There have been several bogus claims by Channel swimmers.

In 1927, a Dr. Dorothy Logan maintained she had swum the Channel to record time, and received a prize of £1,000.

Later, she was heavily fined for making a false declaration, and subsequently admitted that she had made the false claim to prove how easy it was to take a swim.

Another claimant seemed to have made an authentic crossing. But on investigation it was found that he had used rubber slippers attached to his feet.

The Association has recognised only 11 crossings from England to France and 31 from France to England. Many more have been made, but not under official observation.

As the figures indicate, it is much easier to swim from France to England than vice versa. And most swimmers today take the easier course.

Capt. Webb, No. 1 Channel swimmer, took the more difficult course, and such was the magnitude of his achievement that the feat was not emulated—in that direction—for 36 years. And more than 70 people tried.

ALMOST COMMONPLACE Now Channel crossings have become almost commonplace, but this does not detract from the greatness of the achievement.

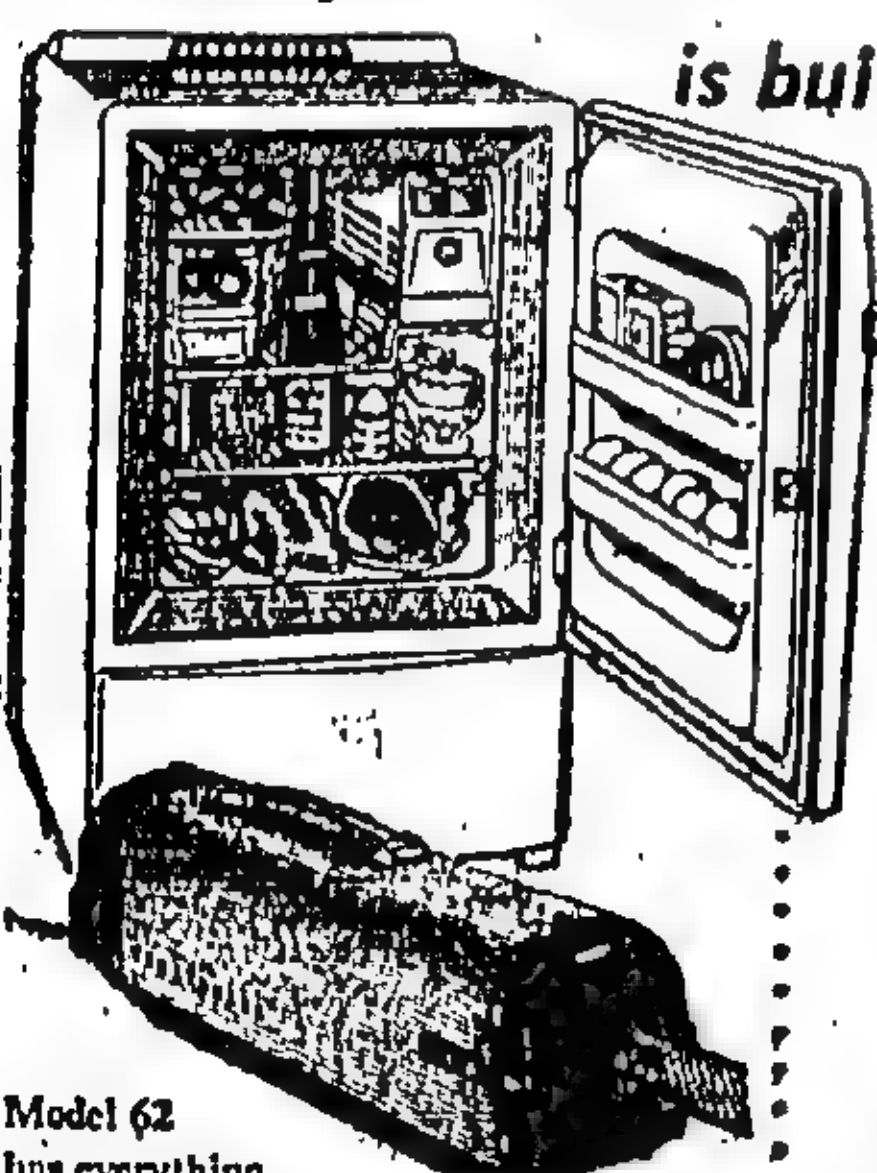
However, those swimmers—and there are many—who want to achieve personal fame, should remember that even the brave Capt. Webb was soon forgotten after his pioneering effort.

He became a professional swimmer and was so much in need of money that he decided to swim the rapids and whirlpool below Niagara Falls. He died in the attempt.

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I TIP THIS TEAM FOR THE WORLD CUP...

WANTED—FIVE YOUNG STARS FOR ENGLAND

By ALAN HOBY

FAME reaches out to the young stars of football now sweating off the summer poundage on the empty League grounds of England. For, looming ahead, dominating every other League and competition, is Soccer's greatest show—THE WORLD CUP.

Can England win it? At first sight the question seems absurd. Since the war England have never even reached the final, let alone won Soccer's greatest prize.

Everything has been against them—summer-time... local conditions... blatant tripping and shoving by foreign teams... plus, of course, their own shortcomings in skill and shooting.

Yet, in spite of all this, I am still convinced that Billy Wright and his men can emerge as outright winners in Sweden next June.

Believe me, there is nothing "impossible"—as so many people seem to imagine—about bringing off such a feat.

I saw England's last World Cup appearance—before a sweltering, shir-sleeved crowd in Switzerland three years ago.

POOR GIL!

On that unhappy occasion it was bad goalkeeping by Gil Merrick, NOT bad football, which enabled Uruguay, world champions at the time, to snatch a desperate victory by 4-2.

Poor Gil, nothing went right for him that day...

Since then, too, the standard of foreign football has dropped like an unopened parachute. Listen to Danny Blanchflower, captain of Ireland and star Spurs wing half—

"I am convinced, after playing against Italy and Portugal in the World Cup eliminators, that the Continentals are over-rated."

"So many people make the mistake of comparing them with Puskas and his Hungarians, and it is simply not true. I honestly believe this could be a great season for English football, both at home and in the World Cup."

Under present arrangements, the unpredictable Hungarians are still in the World Cup—although whether or not they

will be seen at Stockholm is another matter. As far as the England eleven is concerned, however, the selectors must first find at least FIVE YOUNG MEN capable of filling the vital problem spots.

These are goalkeeper, right back, outside right, inside right, and outside left.

Where are these young men? In goal we need look no further than those two H-bombs of modern goalkeeping—ALAN HODGKINSON, of Sheffield United, one of the smallest 'keepers over to play for England, and his rival, EDDIE HOPKINSON, of Bolton.

Neither is a Frank Swift, who swooped on the ball like an eagle and whose hands were so big they made it look like an orange.

But I like the look of the little and catlike Hopkinson, and he would be MY choice for England's last line.

When he toured behind the Iron Curtain last May, some of his saves made even the football-mad Bulgarians and Rumanians blink.

At right back the present occupant, Jeff Hall, of Birmingham, was, until recently, the best of a middling bunch.

But here again my fancy is for another hero of those England "Under-23" victories over Rumania and Czechoslovakia last May—MAURICE NORMAN, tall, dark-haired Spurs right back with the magnificent fighting heart.

Norman has all the qualities. Despite a crippling injury last season, he came back to make good beyond his wildest dreams. He also plays left back, should classic Roger Byrne ever be injured.

Inside right? With Johnny Haynes at inside left there can be only one nomination—blond and brilliant, ALBERT QUICKALL of Sheffield Wednesday.

Remember Albert? At 19 they picked him for England. A couple of matches further on they dropped him.

At 20 the terrace morons were calling Albert "bighead" because of his boyish passion for juggling with the ball whether with head or feet.

BALL ARTIST

Yet when Puskas produced similar tricks at Wembley he was called a hero. In Albert is coming into his own. At 23 this dazzling ball artist, who took up ballet to improve his

balance, has acquired the finish he previously lacked. Albert can play inside right or left, and I predict that it won't be long before the England call will once again go out for wonder boy Quickall.

At outside left I have not seen a brighter prospect than Liverpool's ALAN A'COURT. And what of outside right? I am still an unwavering admirer of the unique and undimmed genius of Stanley Matthews.

Unfortunately, when the World Cup cauldron starts burning up again the Wizard will be 43—and we really ought to start grooming an adequate replacement just in case he is needed.

Most critics would plump for sprint-fast, hard-shooting HARRY HOOPER, of Wolves. But Hooper, so far, has proved "in-and-out." He can be terrific—or terrible.

'SECOND STAN'

My selection, however, is for the winger Blackburn fans call the second Stan—Matthews—BRYAN DOUGLAS. Twenty-

two, Bryan can go either way, and is as tricky as a fox.

England also need efficient stand-bys for such automatic choices as the great Wright at centre half; for thunderbolt Duncan Edwards and stylish Ronnie Clayton at wing half; and for Tommy Taylor at centre forward.

As reserve pivot I name Aston Villa's JIMMY DUGDALE.

At wing half two young men, both 21, are thundering at the door—EDDIE COLMAN, of Manchester United, the boy with the best body-wiggle in the business, and STAN CROWTHER, the shy ex-inhabitant who wanted to quit Villa—and football—because he thought he wouldn't make the grade.

Finally, there is my centre forward replacement—and here I name BRIAN CLOUGH, of Middlesbrough. Clough is the Ted Drake type of leader, full of grit and go.

Watch for his name. He will make even bigger headlines this season.

(London Express Service.) (COPYRIGHT)



British Boxing Board Intends To Restrict Promoters' Permits

By GEORGE CHANDLER

London.

Boxing promoters throughout Britain who were hoping to get a big "pay day" during the forthcoming season received a big jolt today from the British Boxing Board of Control.

The board announced that it intends to restrict the number of permits to promoters throughout the country during the winter season in order to "avert a state of chaos."

The announcement came as a big surprise to both experts and fight fans, especially as the sport was losing its popularity through high admission charges, mainly due to the Entertainment Tax, which had provided the Government with a large chunk of revenue.

These high prices, plus the large amounts demanded by fighters and other sports promoters, resulted in the gradual closing down of the tourneys in the small local halls and swimming pools throughout the country which were the stepping stone to the bigger prizes in the fight world.

Then after much agitation by boxing and other sports promoters, the Government decided to abolish the Entertainment Tax, which in most cases took between 30 and 40 per cent of the admission charges.

This step resulted in boxing promoters falling over each other to get back in what seemed a lucrative business, but the board immediately stepped in and curbed these ambitions. "We want to make the impact of tax relief a gradual process," said the Board's Secretary, Teddy Waltham. "Otherwise we might reach a stage of chaos which would damage the sport considerably."

In London one major tourney will be permitted each fortnight while the small shows in London and the provinces have been limited to one promotion a month.

TEMPORARY MEASURE

The Southern Area Council, which allocates tourney permits in the southern half of England, explained that the Board's move is only a temporary measure to allow the sport to slowly get back on its feet after taking a beating from the tax man.

Officials also explained that the restriction is also due to the falling off in numbers of active fighters and while there has

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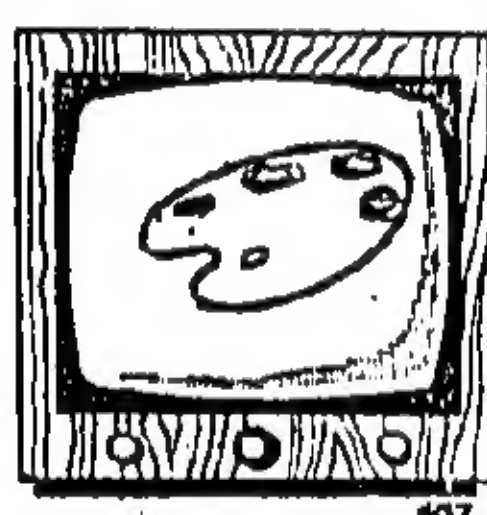
Here's one of a group of sportshirts that will make every man happy... handsome, well-tailored sportshirts by Coopers.

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AT HONG KONG'S BETTER STORES

Answers To Sports Quiz

- West Indies, 1954.
- Hobbs and Sutcliffe.
- Four, Seven; Six; Nine.
- "Sugar Ray" Robinson.
- Italian; Danish; British; American.
- The Marathon. He ran 40 kilometres from Marathon to Athens to announce the defeat of the Persians in 490 B.C.
- (a) No; (b) Yes; (c) No.
- Cardiff, Wales.
- Denis and Leslie Compton.
- Floyd Patterson. In 1950 at the age of 21.



- Picture
- Fox's tail
- Hue
- An officer has one
- Such a board
- Chairman
- Manner
- Part of artist's equipment
- Labour
- Likeness
- Railway this
- Similarities
- School
- Chassis

Solution on Back Page

NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

P _ _ _ _ _
U _ _ _ _
C _ _ _ _
P _ _ _ _

E _ _ _ _
O _ _ _ _
L _ _ _ _
L _ _ _ _
L _ _ _ _
R _ _ _ _

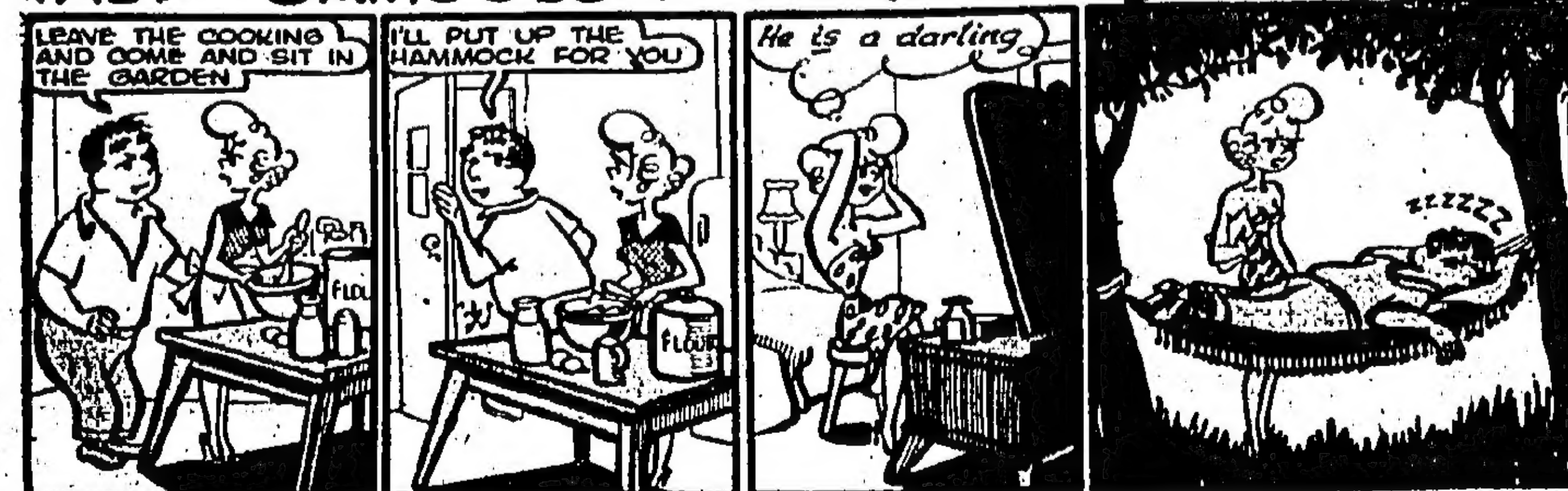
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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SHORT, SHORT STORIES ABOUT
SLANG PHRASES

"Nuts To You!"

SO you think you're using the latest in slang phrases when you say something like, "Nuts to you!" Well, you are really being old-fashioned, for the saying originated long ago.

Young men in olden days went calling on their best girls, just as now, but they had to decide how well their attentions were being received by what the girl served them in the way of food.

Various dishes meant certain things. But everyone knew that a plate of nuts offered by a girl to a man called meant a definite "No." Hence the say, "To you, nuts."

FEATHER IN HIS CAP

In the time of the famous Black Prince, all princes and noblemen went to great expense to import fine feathers to adorn their hats. Then someone suggested using small feathers to decorate soldiers who had shown unusual courage and bravery.

In later years, when a person won an honour of any type, he was likely to refer to it as a feather in his cap.

During the Middle Ages horses were used for everything—farming, transportation, battles and knightly tournaments. Any animal that was much larger than ordinary was reserved for royalty and the very rich, and was called a "great horse" or "high horse."

Eventually, pride and arrogance came to be associated with such horses. Now "to get on a high horse" means giving a display of haughtiness.

It was before the seventeenth century that English housewives



learned to combine waste fats and potash into a semi-liquid soap. Though it was harsh and inefficient by modern standards, it was highly prized in times when all cleaning aids were scarce and expensive.

So it became the practice for a person wanting a favour from some public official to pay the way with a gift of homemade soap. And because of this, "soft soap" eventually came to mean any form of wheedling flattery.

Perhaps one of the most interesting terms handed down by the ancients was the one concerning the sowing of "wild oats."

WILD OATS

Saxons planted oats early in English history. But they soon found out that if the grain was neglected it quickly reverted to its wild state, and then the seed from it was practically useless.

Seed from wild oats produced thick blades, but light heads. It was foolish and wasteful to sow such seed, but old folks couldn't convince the youngsters of this. So if a youth wished to try a crop of wild oats, he might just as well learn by experience, they said.

So the phrase eventually came to mean youthful folly.

—M. G. SHELTON

HOW TO MAKE A FISHING-OUTER

1. FIND A POLE (BAMBOO, MAPLE, BIRCH) ABOUT 6 OR 7 FEET LONG.

2. BUY ABOUT 20 FEET OF FISH LINE, 3 OR 4 SMALL HOOKS AND A SINKER.

3. THREAD LINE THROUGH CENTER OF CORK WITH A LARGE NEEDLE. THE HOOK AT END OF LINE.

4. CLAMP SINKER ABOUT 1 1/2 FEET FROM HOOK. TIE A LOOP UNDER SINKER TO KEEP IT FROM SLIPPING DOWN.

5. FIX CORK ON LINE SO IT WILL ALLOW HOOK TO HANG JUST ABOVE BOTTOM.

6. BAIT HOOK SO IT LOOKS NATURAL WITH A GRASSHOPPER WORM OR A FISH EGG.

7. TIE A LOOP ABOVE CORK SO IT WILL NOT PUSH UP.

8. BAIT HOOK SO IT LOOKS NATURAL WITH A GRASSHOPPER WORM OR A FISH EGG.

9. TIE A LOOP ABOVE CORK SO IT WILL NOT PUSH UP.

10. BAIT HOOK SO IT LOOKS NATURAL WITH A GRASSHOPPER WORM OR A FISH EGG.

11. TIE A LOOP ABOVE CORK SO IT WILL NOT PUSH UP.

12. BAIT HOOK SO IT LOOKS NATURAL WITH A GRASSHOPPER WORM OR A FISH EGG.

13. TIE A LOOP ABOVE CORK SO IT WILL NOT PUSH UP.

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15. TIE A LOOP ABOVE CORK SO IT WILL NOT PUSH UP.

16. BAIT HOOK SO IT LOOKS NATURAL WITH A GRASSHOPPER WORM OR A FISH EGG.

17. TIE A LOOP ABOVE CORK SO IT WILL NOT PUSH UP.

18. BAIT HOOK SO IT LOOKS NATURAL WITH A GRASSHOPPER WORM OR A FISH EGG.

19. TIE A LOOP ABOVE CORK SO IT WILL NOT PUSH UP.

20. BAIT HOOK SO IT LOOKS NATURAL WITH A GRASSHOPPER WORM OR A FISH EGG.

21. TIE A LOOP ABOVE CORK SO IT WILL NOT PUSH UP.

22. BAIT HOOK SO IT LOOKS NATURAL WITH A GRASSHOPPER WORM OR A FISH EGG.

23. TIE A LOOP ABOVE CORK SO IT WILL NOT PUSH UP.

HOW TOM LOSES A SATURDAY

By VIVA WHITTINGTON

TOM HART looked out into the sunlit day. The long white cloud fingers seemed to point happily toward Balder Creek. Brown trout would be waiting in the clear, rock-strewn depths. His new pole was ready, the worms dug and—

"Tom!" His sister Nancy bounced into the room, blonde curls quivering. "Harry, you'll be late to Mr. King's."

Tom scowled. Usually, he didn't mind helping Mr. King in the store every Saturday. It was kind of fun to see the different kinds of equipment all shiny after he'd polished them to a high gloss. And there was something special Mr. King had wanted him for today.

But all he could see was the fins of trout slipping lazily at him.

"Thee on Mr. King!" Tom said coldly, not feeling as brave as he sounded. "Tell him I'm sick. I'm going fishing."

"Oh!" cried Nancy, scandalized. "Tom Hart, that's a big fib and I won't do it."

"If you do, I'll give you that scarf you wanted."

"Nuts to your old scarf," Mr. King needs you. You know he especially asked you to come early today."

TOM WAVERED. He knew she was right. But he hadn't got to go fishing all year. And yesterday Jim Jones had come by with a string of fish that looked to Tom's envious eyes almost a mile long. One Saturday—what difference did one Saturday make?

"You go, then," said Tom. "Take my place, if you think Mr. King is all there is in the world."

He picked up the flexiglass rod and whistled to show he didn't care as he walked from the room.

Nancy shouted down the stairs at his retreating back. "All right, I will. I bet I can do it better, anyway!"

Tom played him carefully, as the fish broke water, making a splash that tingled along Tom's veins. He ran along the water's edge, heedless of the slick, muddy footing.

The trout was closer now, but still fighting. It was the biggest one Tom had ever seen, and his arms



ached trying to hold it. Perseverance ran in his eyes. It seemed like ages that he had been slowly reeling in the giant trout.

The fish leaped again, twisting to get away, and Tom's foot slipped.

He fell wildly, trying to regain his balance. Both of his hands dropped downward as he fell and one slapped sharply against a rock. The sharp sting made him cry out.

But when he looked up his heart thudded into the very toes of his sneakers. The sweet new pole was floating downstream, whirling in the eddies.

Tom plunged into the water, scrambling his way toward the floating rod. But the water carried it always just a little beyond his reach.

Tom's breath came hard as he kept doggedly after his prize possession. Once he touched it, another try, and he had the pole in his hand.

He made his weary, watery way to shore, muttering to the barking Scout. "At last!"

Tom lay there, panting. Finally, he roused himself enough to examine the rod.

The fish had snapped off the hook and leader and several feet of line. The rest was snarled hopelessly around the reel.

Tom looked at his dog. "Come on, Scout," he sighed. "Let's go home."

THE ROAD BACK was twice as long as Tom trudged it wearily. He wondered about Nancy and Mr. King.

Suddenly, a noise reached his ears. What in the world?

Then he knew what it was. Mr. King had wanted him to try the parade day. He was to have decorated Mr. King's float and rode on it.

How he wanted to! The floats passed near him and Nancy waved from Mr. King's streamer-decorated float. Something like a tear dropped on Tom's hand just as Mr. King spoke behind him. "Well, Tom?"

Tom looked up miserably. "I'm sorry, sir. Did I—did I lose my job—forever?"

Mr. King looked stern. "Not if you learned to be dependable from now on."

Tom watched the parade out of sight. "I'll be there, sir," he meant it.

Even Scout barked agreement.

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A Million-year-old 'Relic'

A COURIOUS long-billed bird called the kiwi still lives as kiwis lived in prehistoric times. Her habits are as strange as her looks and her looks are very strange indeed!

In the first place, even though she has wings she can't fly. Although she's supposed to have a tail, you can't see one.

The bill is long and slightly curved with nostrils at the tip and stiff hair-like feathers at the base. The feet and legs are strong, and the toes bear sharp claws that are good weapons against natural enemies.

★ ★ ★

And the ways of the kiwi are different from those of most any other bird. These birds are said to stamp upon the ground, causing such a vibration that earthworms are forced to come to the surface.



Keeper persuades shy kiwi to raise his head for a portrait.

When a worm is seized, the kiwi does not jerk it from its burrow, but pulls it steadily until it is entirely exposed. And in New Zealand (where the kiwi lives) a single worm may supply a sizable meal, for some species are over a yard long.

Kiwis are most active at night. Sensitive bristles at the base of the beak guide her in the dark, just as a seeing-eye dog guides a sightless person. She has a vicious kick and can outrun a man.

Kiwi eggs are the largest of those of any living bird. Some weigh almost a pound, about a fourth of the body weight of the mother. The male sits on the egg for eleven weeks until it hatches.

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THE 'GROW-BIG' DRUG

ONE of science's newest discoveries has come from experiments by animal and plant geneticists eager to increase the world's food supply.

Colchicine is a drug extracted from the meadow saffron. The scientists have discovered that a colchicine is a "chromosome increaser," a sort of "grow-big drug."

Scientists in Sweden have already doubled and tripled the size of rabbits. They simply added colchicine in breeding.

Colchicine works with rabbits, why shouldn't it work with pigs, sheep, cows, and even elephants? It is all a matter of experiment.

Canadian animal scientists have worked for years to produce the catfish, a cross-breed of buffalo and domestic cow.

The catfish has the cold weather endurance qualities of the buffalo, along with the better meat of the domestic cow.

Will colchicine added to the breeding ritual, it is not impossible that the catfish of the future may be bigger than an elephant.

This brings interesting possibilities into the picture. The milk-producing abilities of a cow sired with the aid of colchicine may be measured not in quarts, but gallons.

Even without the aid of the grow-big drug, some remarkable multiplications of animal sizes have occurred.

For example, Charles Van Trees added 50 per cent of edible meat to ordinary chickens when he produced the Vantress Cross.

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Baron Munch's Garden

—He Liked To Plant Things That Saved Trouble—

By MAX TRELL

IN his own little house at the end of Book Boulevard lived Baron Munch. Where is Book Boulevard? It runs behind the bookcase between the table and the curtain.

Book Boulevard is lined with houses. Mother Goose lives there. Alice has her house. Simple Simon and the Pie-man have their houses. Folks that everyone knows live on this famous street.

At any rate, Knarf and his sister Handi, the Shadows with the turned-about names, along with their friends Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, and Mr. Punch and General Tin, the Tin Soldier, often walked down Book Boulevard to visit Baron Munch.

Baron Munch was a very old man. He had a long white beard and a very small body. He was very rich and very powerful.

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Page 20 SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1957.

SURREY WELL IN THE LEAD

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

Just Begging To Be Read

HE was out of work, and all the money he had in the world amounted to 4s. So placed, lesser men than this young West Indian named Joseph might have worried themselves to a state of despair about where their next meal would come from; or how the rent would be paid.

Joseph's mind soared above such mundane matters. He had 4s. and all he asked for life on that sunny afternoon was 1s. more. He wanted 5s. not for food or lodging, but to buy a book upon which he had set his heart.

WHY SHOULD IT

THERE seemed to Joseph only one way to raise the money. As he stood near the bookshop in a narrow West End street, a well-dressed man approached. Joseph went up to him. "Suh," he said, "will you give me 1s.?"

He held out a hand in which 2s. lay.

"But you've got 2s., why should I give you another?" the passer-by said, and passed by. Joseph stopped a second man, with no more success. He was beginning to wonder whether his approach was at fault when a third man came up—a policeman in plain-clothes who had watched the whole scene and heard every word that was spoken.

"I BIN STUDYING" "I'm arresting you for begging," he said to Joseph.

At Bow Street, Joseph, a stocky man with a domed forehead and wild hair, who until the week before, had worked as a packer, pleaded guilty to the charge.

"You see," he explained to Mr. Bertram Reece, the magistrate, "I wanted that book about the French Revolution, 'cos I bin studying."

"But why should members of the public provide you with a book?"

"Well I was only short of 1s. and I'm doing this studying," Joseph answered, as if that were reason enough.

He was discharged conditionally, as though, already, his mind was back on the object of his studies: the day of revolution when the cry was liberty, equality, fraternity.

New Record If They Beat Middlesex Today

London, Aug. 9. SURREY'S two-day win by an innings and 35 runs over Hampshire at Portsmouth yesterday assumed greater value today as heavy rain which swept the country checked the progress of their nearest rivals in the County Cricket Championship.

Surrey lead the table with a total of 238 points. Northamptonshire is lying second with 164 points and Yorkshire third with 158 points.

By beating Middlesex whom they meet in a three-day match starting tomorrow at the Oval, Surrey would not only make

sure of winning the championship for the fourth successive season, but they would also create a record by clinching the title earlier than any side in post-war cricket.

The Holders

That honour at present stands with Warwickshire who in 1951 became champions on August. Northamptonshire, Surrey's closest challengers, were restricted to only three overs against Middlesex before rain washed out play for the day. Derbyshire, who were in third place, had their match against Glamorgan abandoned without a ball being bowled today.

Rain also prevented any play in the Leicestershire versus Gloucestershire match while the remaining games were seriously affected.

Innings Defeat

A splendid innings of 100 (15 fours) in three and a half hours by Maurice Tremlett failed to save Somerset from an innings defeat by Sussex. Somerset needed 130 with six wickets left to make Sussex bat again, but after Tremlett's dismissal the innings broke down.

In 90 minutes play possible at Scarborough, Worcestershire won 93 runs with five wickets left for first innings. Leicestershire, who were in third place, were bowled out for 63 and Gloucestershire for 63. The five wickets fell in the space of nine runs during the last 20 minutes of extra time, Yorkshire claiming the final victory with the fifth ball of the last over.

Rain prevented a definite result at Manchester where both the Lancashire and Nottinghamshire captains declared an early draw. Nottinghamshire, claiming the final victory, finished the match by making 192 in 145 minutes, but a heavy rainstorm robbed them of 40 minutes and the match petered out to a draw.

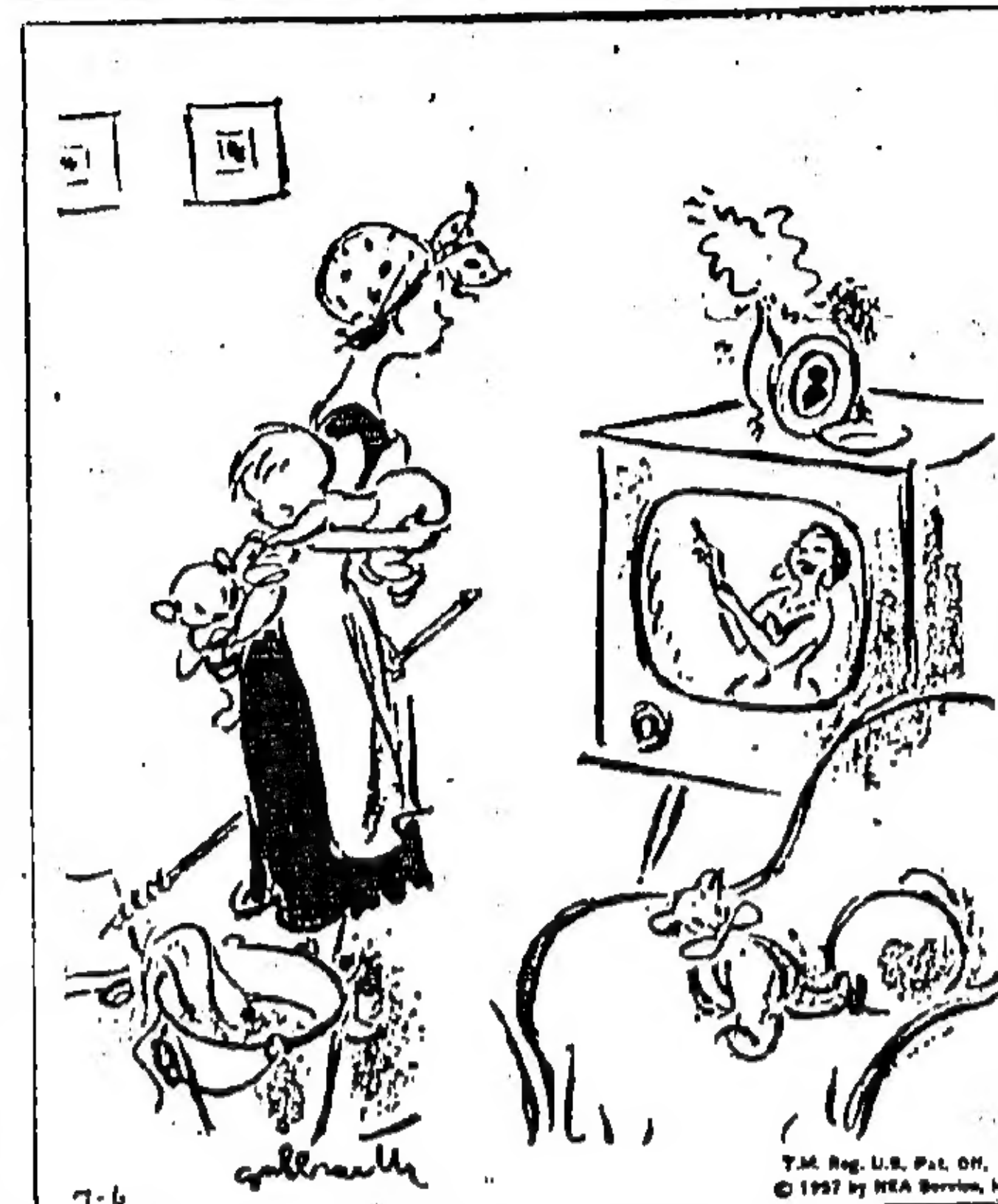
REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley; 11.30, London Play House; 12.30, Three Men On A Mule; 1.30, Keyboards; 2.30, The Story of Henry; 3.30, Special Announcements; 4.30, George Melachrino and his Orchestra; 5.30, Saturday Night News; 6.30, The Story of Henry; 7.30, The Story of Henry; 8.30, The Story of Henry; 9.30, The Story of Henry; 10.30, The Story of Henry; 11.30, The Story of Henry; 12.30, The Story of Henry.

TELEVISION

9 p.m. Children's Film; 9.30, Children's Film; 10.30, Children's Film; 11.30, Children's Film; 12.30, Children's Film; 1.30, Children's Film; 2.30, Children's Film; 3.30, Children's Film; 4.30, Children's Film; 5.30, Children's Film; 6.30, Children's Film; 7.30, Children's Film; 8.30, Children's Film; 9.30, Children's Film; 10.30, Children's Film; 11.30, Children's Film; 12.30, Children's Film.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Girl! Now your troubles are over—with this new lipstick you can be glamorous by day and bewitching by night!"

CULBREATH BREAKS 440 YARDS HURDLES RECORD IN OSLO

Oslo, Aug. 9. American athlete, Josh Culbreath, today beat the world record for the 440 yards hurdles when he clocked 50.5 seconds.

Josh Culbreath beat the world record while competing in a 400 metres hurdles event at the Bislet Stadium in Oslo.

The American hurdler won the event in 50.2 seconds and

GIRARD BREAKS RESTRICTIONS IN JAPAN

Camp Whittington, Aug. 9. Specialist S/C William S. Girard has been placed under 24-hour surveillance because he broke his restrictions on Monday night by spending three hours in a bar in a nearby village, the Army announced today.

The Army said it was investigating reports that the 21-year-old Ottawa, Illinois, soldier broke restrictions at this US Camp north of Tokyo and visited a bar in Miji village.

Girard has been restricted to Camp under "administration restriction" pending his trial in a Japanese court on Aug. 2 on manslaughter charges in connection with the shooting-range death of a Japanese woman.

The Army said the restrictions were continued and that 24-hour surveillance was added.—United Press.

Five Matches To Love

Wellington, Aug. 9. Japan, represented by Ichiro Ogimura and Toshiaki Tanaka, beat a Hawkes Bay Table Tennis Team by five matches to love here tonight.

Results were:

Ogimura beat P. Burgh 21-16, 22-20, beat J. McMillin 21-5, 21-12.

Tanaka beat McMillin 21-12, 21-13, beat Burgh 21-10, 21-17.

Ogimura and Tanaka beat E. Donford and C. Badland 21-5, 23-25, 21-10.—Reuter.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

MEPHISTOPHELES Devil Friend Friend Doom Viper Piper Pled Pled Betty Betty Martin Martin Arming Arming Charming Charming Cross Cross Grained Reading Reading Hearing Hearing Carriers Marjorie Dame Dame Fans Fans Black Black Sugar Sugar Lead Lead Left Left Flame Flame Flame Flame Cream Cream Window Window Bay Table Able Able

STEVEDORES TERRORISED BY SNAKES

Tokyo, Aug. 9. A reign of snake terror that has held up the unloading of scrap iron from a Norwegian freighter at Kawasaki was believed ended today by Tokyo Zoo officials who cautiously entered the ship's hold to hunt the reptiles.

One snake was caught alive, another found dead, and traces of at least three others were also discovered. Officials from Tokyo's Ueno Zoo fumigated the ship's hold to kill the rest of what they believe to be at least six snakes.

WOULDN'T TOUCH

Workmen yesterday refused to unload the 5,000-ton Harenger when they spotted a four-foot snake with a triangular head resting in the hold. They said they wouldn't touch the 8,000 tons of Australian scrap iron aboard the ship until the snakes had been killed.

The stevedoring company and the consignee of the scrap iron estimate their loss at close to US\$1,800 per day while the snakes terrorised the longshoremen.

The Harenger arrived from northern Australia on Tuesday. It is believed the snakes slipped aboard the ship while it was docked at Townsville, Australia, its last port of call before docking at Kawasaki.—United Press.

RESCUERS START OUT

Grindelwald, Aug. 9. A rescue party left here this afternoon to attempt to reach four climbers stranded on the north face of 1,175-foot Mount Eiger since Sunday.

Rescue planes have been prevented by the weather from taking off.

Three of the four climbers, who were last seen late in the afternoon, were climbing the last few hundred metres to the mountain-top, having left their companion, apparently injured, wrapped in their clothes on a snowfield.

Thick fog descended on the mountain this evening and weather conditions were reported to be worsening.—France-Press.

POLIO IN TAIPEI

Taipei, Aug. 9. Health authorities said today that at least nine small children have died of polio in Taipei during the past two months.

They said that 19 children from six months to four years old, had been hit by the disease.—United Press.



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DEATHS

BUCHANAN—At the Queen Mary Hospital, on the 10th August, 1957, after a short illness, Mary, beloved wife of Mr. Buchanan. Funeral arrangements later. (Guangow papers please copy).

FOR SALE

Single bed, iron bed, fully equipped cabinet, model, 1st class condition. Tel. 2611. 22, King's Road, 1st floor, North Point. After 7 p.m.

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MUSICAL

INTRODUCING Noel Coward to his many fans, we suggest his latest recordings made at Las Vegas and New York which we have in stock. A spectacular recording in Ebbsey Manne & his Friends in modern jazz performance of songs from his classical and popular music vaults. Box 146, "China Mail".

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SALAD DRESSING. If you're run out of salad dressing, or any anxious about your outfit, use P.L.A. Instant.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

"DIOMER"

Damaged cargo ex this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Paulsen & Bayes-Davy at Hong Kong from 10 a.m. on August 13 and 14, 1957, and consignees are requested to have their representatives present during the survey.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, Agents. Hong Kong, August 10, 1957.

CHURCH NOTICE

ST. PETER'S CHURCH The Mission to Seamen, 40 Gloucester Road, Tel. 7481. 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion. 7.00 p.m. Evening Service. (Other Services arranged at any time by request.)

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